JOHN BULL

Vol. II. No. 42. SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd 1907. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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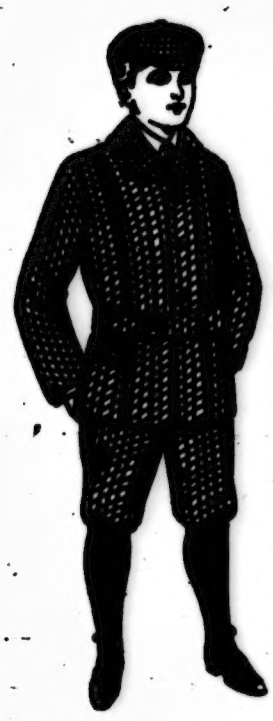

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Vol. II. No. 42. Saturday, March 23rd, 1907. One Penny

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The Offices of JOHN BULL *have now been removed to* 4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, *where, in future,* ALL COMMUNICATIONS *must be addressed, except in regard to advertisements (see notice below).*

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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BUNKUM AND THE BARMAID.

It is finally settled that Mr. Gladstone will "deal" with the Barmaid Question in the Government's Licensing Bill. We do not profess to authoritative knowledge of what the dealing will come to. But the question remains, why should he deal with it at all? Why cannot the barmaid be left in the peaceable pursuit of her laborious calling? Granted that a woman should be allowed to earn her living at anything, she should be allowed to earn it behind a bar as freely as in a bun-shop. The lofty moralists who have been preaching at the barmaid these last few weeks have painted her on the one hand as a sort of Miltonian Circe—

> The daughter of the Sun whose charmed cup
> Whoever tasted lost his upright shape
> And downward fell into a grovelling swine:

and on the other as a victim *in esse* or *in posse* of corrupting bipeds bent on wrecking her honour or poisoning her mind. All this bunkum is not only an insult, it is an outrage as well.

The barmaid may be no saint for a stained-glass window, but, taking her for all in all, she is neither worse nor better than any other woman who has to get her living in daily converse and contact with the other sex. She is not to be judged by the way she does her hair, or by the size of her hat, or by her preference for French heels; and, for the rest, she has neither horns nor tail. The point is that she gets herself an honest living, that she works hard, and that she makes no complaint about her calling. By what process of right or reason can it be held that it is one of the functions of government to sit in judgment on her morals or upon the free exercise of her right to work honestly in what way she will for her bread and butter, or even for her hats and heels? And what right has this Government, or any Government whatsoever, to constitute itself her grandmother? Se can take care of herself. What is more, she wants to be allowed to take care of herself, and the whole agitation against her has its beginning, middle, and end in the fussy other-worldliness of a handful of noisy people who prowl about in this blessed land of liberty measuring other people's pecks by somebody else's bushels.

No doubt the nature of the barmaid's calling does occasionally, perhaps often, shock her ears, for the cad is everywhere, even in public-houses. But, on the whole, her presence checks, rather than encourages, the nauseous articularities of the blackguard and the beast. Probably an insult to a barmaid is as much resented by the company of a tap-room as an insult to a duchess would be resented by the company of a drawing-room. Besides, this is not a case where the employer is on one side and the employee on the other. The barmaid has no complaint to make of her free contract with the publican. She is satisfied with the essential justice of her master; he is satisfied with the efficiency of his servant; and in these circumstances the Legislature is surely exceeding the fair and reasonable exercise of its powers in interfering with any man engaged in honest business in the choice of his servants, provided that he treats them with humanity and decency.

Where is this sort of legislation to stop, if it begins with these women behind licensed bars? We know for a certainty, and so does Mr. Gladstone and the Government, and so does every man who has thought on this question of the employment of women in the complex industrial life of the nation, that it has not begun in the right place. Why has not it begun in the sweating dens of the East End? Why has not it commenced with the Song of the Shirt—with that terrible tragedy of the sewing-machine and the match-box revealed for all eyes and for all hearts in the recent Sweating Exhibition in London? Amid all the gush and cant of the moral evangel that question still awaits answer. Meanwhile, it is the barmaid first. But if the women behind the bar are to be the prohibition, why not the waitress in the restaurant, the programme sellers in the theatres and music-halls, the actresses before the footlights, the female workers in mill and factory and workshop?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Lord Rosebery's friends are surprised and annoyed that he persisted in standing against Lord Curzon when he was certain to be beaten. But that anyone should still be surprised by anything Lord Rosebery does is a mystery. He seems to have lost all sense of proportion, and it is an open secret that his health causes grave anxiety to his friends. As with another distinguished statesman, it is feared that he will never do much in public life again.

The wonder about Petkoff is, not so much that he was assassinated, as that he ever became Premier of Bulgaria. Men of his stamp are bound to have fierce enemies, for they believe in a very resolute form of government. Stambulof used to tease his political opponents by keeping them for days without water, and pouring boiling oil on the palms of their hands. Then people wondered at the savagery of his murder, and even whispered that Prince Ferdinand had something to do with it, presumably because they knew that Stambulof had often plotted to kill the Prince. Petkof was Stambulof's right-hand man, and kept the Stambulofist party alive, yet the Prince made him Premier with more or less of a good grace. It is a curious coincidence that the Prince is always away from Bulgaria whenever anything desperate occurs. But it is only a coincidence, and the Prince had a very good excuse this time, as he had to attend to business in Paris in connection with his mother's will.

With every desire to recognise anybody's and everybody's good intentions, we are in some doubt whether Colonel Balfour's scheme for promoting the singing of songs by soldiers on the march is desirable. It is easy to see that singing in chorus would relieve the tedium and the strain of long marches in time of war. On the other hand, it is not less easy to see that if we are to profit by the lessons of the Boer War, secrecy of movement must be as far as possible an essential of our strategy. In silent country singing on the march would be likely to betray the movements of troops. Probably the newspapers have not made the purpose of Colonel Balfour as clear as it might be, but as it is reported, the scheme has all the appearance of that brass-band come-on-and-be-damned-to-you method of going into war which we should have thought it would be the chief business of the British Army to unlearn.

According to a newspaper, the first consignment of plovers' eggs has been sent to Buckingham Palace, four being kept for the Queen's table and four being dispatched by the King's Messenger, "who left London at mid-day," to His Majesty at Biarritz. The spectacle of a King's Messenger rushing across the Continent at the cost of the nation just to deliver to His Majesty a half-share of eight plovers' eggs is a little too grotesque to be credible. True, plovers' eggs are not to be trifled with. As quickly as possible they must go from the plover to the pan, or they remain only "good in parts." Even so, we suspect that the messenger had other business with His Majesty than this of the plovers' eggs. The King loves a good dinner, but he is not an Epicurus or a Lucullus, who must have the first of all luscious things in season, even though articulate bipeds have to carry them to him from one end of the earth to the other. With His Majesty, *les affaires sont les affaires*, and not plovers' eggs, and it fears us that if the messenger had not been on the wing with despatches, those most excellent delicacies would never have tickled the Royal palate.

In a long list of society nicknames, a contemporary inquires, "Who shall say why Lord Hardwicke should be called 'Tommy Dod'?" As a matter of fact, he isn't. That distinction belonged to his predecessor in the title, the Under-Secretary for India and proprietor of the *Saturday Review*.

Mr. Bertram, M.P., having been unjustly accused of being a married man, writes to the papers saying that the "Mrs. Bertram" who was reported to have recently taken part in a suffragette debate is not the sharer of his joys and sorrows, and that, as a matter of fact, he has been looking for a wife for the past twenty years. Here is a fine chance for one of the ladies for revenge.

Here is a delicious little item. The *Daily News*, having long since given us the views of Mrs. Ormiston Chant—who admits that she has never been to a public-house—upon the morality of the barmaid, now adds to the solution of that burning question by an interview with the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association! This worthy gentleman, whilst admitting that he "has never known a case of a young man being ruined by his association with a barmaid," gives a delicious illustration of Christian love. He suggests that all existing barmaids should support the movement for the abolition of their profession, because if "no more barmaids are to be appointed, their services would appreciate in value, as a monopoly would be created." That's all.

Our oleaginous contemporary, *P.T.O* (which we never do) tells a story of the late war correspondent, Sir W. H. Russell. It appears that Lady Russell and he had invited a number of distinguished persons to a big dinner party, and after awaiting in vain for a long time, the arrival of their guests, discovered that the invitations lay unposted in Sir William's desk. It never seems to have occurred to Lady Russell or her husband, *or the Editor (if there be one) of P.T.O*, as somewhat strange that not one of the prospective guests had replied to the invitation. O, T.P.—O!

It appears that at the Free Church Council there is a time limit for speeches, but none for the preliminary morning sermon. During the delivery of this sermon the doors are closed, and, according to the *Daily News*, "hundreds of delegates clamoured vainly for admission until a long-winded preacher finished his discourse." In fact, "scores of ladies and gentlemen, from the President downwards, stood without the gate in a bitterly cold wind," and the ears of the representative of our pious contemporary were shocked by language which he "*would not venture to put into print.*" So the Nonconformist Conscience *can* swear? We confess we are agreeably surprised.

The following is from the pen of the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, D.D., in the *British Weekly* for March 7:—

> "The Newest Theology."—"The new 'Pragmatism' means that the primacy of the intuition and the primacy of the idea alike give way to the primacy of the will, the primacy of the moral. The philosophy of personal idealism is replacing a philosophy of cosmic idealism. The factor of action is becoming the essential thing in reality. . . And we are grasping that ethical factor afresh, and leaving behind the sentimentalised Hegelianism, which has the same relation to progressive thought as Strauss has to recent criticism or Victorian furniture to a modern house."

Now we know just where we stand.

Tommy Bowles has now gone too far to draw back. He said that the Conservative party fund amounted to more than £100,000 a few years ago, and that, mainly owing to traffic in titles, it had reached half a million before the late elections. As the majority of Conservatives pay their own expenses, it would be interesting to learn where the money goes. If Tommy will give us a few more facts to go upon, we will gladly move for a Royal Commission to inquire into the sale of titles in

this country. The evidence of the King's solicitor would be interesting on cross-examination.

We venture to repeat our advice to the Government to plead guilty in regard to the New Hebrides Convention. There can be no question whatever that through either carelessness or forgetfulness the Liberal party has given its seal and sanction to a Labour Ordinance worse in every material respect than the Chinese one of the late Government. And why haven't Ministers the sense (to say nothing of the pluck) to admit it? There is every excuse for them in the special circumstances of the case, but in their present attitude of special pleading that excuse will be forgotten—and serve them right.

To the memory of Sir Francis Tress Barry, greeting. Now that the Voice has called and the "Shadow cloaked from head to foot that keeps the keys of all the creeds" has beckoned, it is known that he it was who for over twenty years never failed to send to *Truth* at Christmas time a bright new sixpence for every child in the London workhouses. The happiness thus given to these children was a reward greater to Sir Francis Barry than newspaper paragraphs. He never disclosed his identity, not even to Mr. Labouchere. The kind thought of the thing was greater than the thing itself. The children looked forward to their new Christmas sixpences, and Sir Francis never failed them. Through long years he remained their silent, invisible, wonderful Santa Claus. If all men as well able did as much for the children of the poor at Christmas time as he did, what a happy time it would be for them! "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

We have it in our minds that some more or less eminent person who wrought poetry—Gray, perhaps—says something somewhere about the "still small voice of gratitude." Apparently the Sufferingettes have it, and have it peculiarly inaudible. When any of them get into gaol for the Cause, they are cheered to martyrdom, and when they come out they are met by a crowd with brass band and fêted at a breakfast under the cup-and-platemanship of some historic character like Mr. Keir Hardie. But when it happens that a poor man does a month for that same Cause, as Mr. J. E. Croft did, no crowd and no brass band meet him when he comes out, and he does not get a Keir-Hardieian breakfast either. At least, Mr. Croft didn't. As a mere matter of business, to say nothing of gratitude, we should have expected the Sufferingettes to have assembled in their hundreds round the prison gate and whoop for the hero. But he is ignominiously forgotten, while the rest of the procession, like the soul of poor John Brown, goes "marching on." Johnson told Bozzy that he would rather be damned than be forgotten. Poor Mr. Croft has been both.

More Zancigging. When, last week, we wrote our article on "Woman's place in Politics," and suggested the establishment of a third House of Parliament, consisting solely of the sweeter sex, we had no idea that our distinguished confrère "Dagonet" had forestalled us in the *Referee*. Of course, we ought to have known it—but we didn't. The fact is that since we have been in such close contact with the Nonconformist Conscience, the *Referee* has not played the important part in our Sunday life which it once did. But we must take to it again—even if we have to drop the *War Cry*. Good old "Dagonet"! He's a wonderful chap—despite his liver and his landlady—and the fact that he and we think alike is only another proof that we are right.

The *Saturday Review* has a solemn article entitled "The Fool and his Umbrella." The folly in question appears not to be connected with defence against improbable rains, but with the dangerous habit of prodding other people in the face. But surely the fool is he who allows his face to be prodded. The reviewer says:

> One way, no doubt would be to make a rule of taking firmly his umbrella from him and breaking it in two; but discretion keeps you from this straightforward, manly course: the man may be superior to you in brute force; or he may summon you; and in any case there would be a disagreeable scene in a public place.

We suppose then that the sole remaining solace lies in the reflection that a fool and his umbrella are soon parted.

Sydney Smith remarked in one of his carnal moments that there were three sexes—men, women and curates. Certainly any curate who could fulfil the requirements of the following advertisement, clipped from the *Church Record* of Saturday, January 5, would have to combine many qualities:—

> CURATE WANTED.—SEMI-SOLE CHARGE.—(1) Regenerate Christian man, who has been used of God to the conversion of souls; (2) loyal, consistently loyal to the Truth of God and to our grand old Protestant and Reformed Church, following the old Evangelical type of Stowell, Bishops Wilson and Waldegrave; (3) a gentleman, with a courtesy and sympathy not forced or of set clerical habit but engendered of love to Christ and men; one strong, quiet, and true; (4) a man among men. If married, wife a Christian helpmeet. Stipend according to experience. An attractive sphere, a hearty welcome, and D.G., I trust, sympathy, and consideration await a good man.—Address, the Rev. H. C. Wisdom, South Hill Rectory, Callington, Cornwall.

What does "semi-sole charge" mean? And "Regenerate Christian man, who has been used of God to the conversion of souls"? Webster says—"Regenerate: Theological: To cause to be spiritually born anew; to cause to become a Christian; to renew the heart by change of affections; to change the heart and affections from enmity to the love of God; to implant holy affections in the heart." In other words, the Reverend H. C. Wisdom seeks a backslider who has turned over a new leaf—or is going to. No. 2 set of qualifications may pass for what it is worth; but No. 3, "a gentleman, with a courtesy and sympathy not forced or of set clerical habit, but engendered of love to Christ and men; one strong, quiet, and true!" We should like to see this paragon—this "man among men," who is to exercise his brilliant talents in the thriving market town of Callington, Cornwall, with its rising population of nineteen hundred and fifty souls! "*Stipend according to experience.*" The root of all evil once more! Still this is not all: "An attractive sphere, a hearty welcome, and *D.G.*, I trust, sympathy, and consideration await a good man!" How long did it take the Reverend H. C. Wisdom to concoct this bunkum? It would be a most excellent thing if some of our clergy possessed one twentieth part of these marvellous virtues and qualities—and we should like to know how much and how many the Reverend H. C. Wisdom keeps in stock for his own use "Wisdom crieth without—" . . . "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get Wisdom; and with all thy getting, get *understanding*."

According to the opinion of many experimentalists, it is easy to be unhappy though married; and no doubt Mr. Justice Barnes was right in urging that the present law of divorce is "full of inequalities, inconsistencies, and anomalies." Much therefore is to be said for the appointment of the Royal Commission asked for by the Divorce Law Reform Union in their petition to both Houses of Parliament. Every year 8,000 separation orders made prevent the re-marriage of 16,000 people, innocent and guilty alike, married in name, divorced in fact, and exposed to all temptations. Every year, too, some 50,000 married people are certified as insane, each leaving outside the walls of an asylum a wife or a husband who may, in no circumstances, re-marry till the afflicted partner dies. The divorce law is particularly unjust to women, for what

relieves a man from a hateful yoke should equally relieve a woman. It is true that marriages ought not to be lightly made, or easily dissolved. But marriage is a civil contract, and as a contract it should be put on an equitable and equal basis for each of the parties to it.

As one of the legal journals points out, the Englishman is wholly absent from the judicial work of the Lords. It is done wholly by the Celt. If a Law Lord is not Scotch he is sure to be Irish, but, by no possibility, could he be English. Of course, it is a queer hole the Scotsman will not push his nose in, as the saying goes, and the Irishman has long since proved that he can foot it in the world's race with the best. It does, however, seem a strange thing that, amid all the galaxy of lawyers in this benighted country, not one Englishman can be found who knows enough law to upset the decisions of his brethren in the courts below, so that by hard fate the poor Saxon has to take his final, absolute, unassailable statement of the law from the Celt. It is a hard case. Let us hope it makes good law.

Life and eggs are full of surprises. A few days ago a lady at Balham, in breaking an egg for a pudding, was surprised to see a steel ball about the size of a pea roll into the basin. The phenomenon seems akin to the fly in amber—the thing that was neither rich nor rare—she wondered how the dickens it got there. The steel pellet is described as "similar to those used in bicycles," but why a self-respecting hen should fit up her eggs with ball bearings is a mystery which only a biologist can unveil. That hen should be bought up by one of the bicycle factories and kept in reserve for emergencies. Or it may be commended to the Army reformers. Shot in the egg shell should confound the foe.

Several members of Parliament have expressed the opinion that we were a little too hard upon Mr. Nicholls, M.P., in describing him as the "House Evangelist." We did not, however, speak without our book. Recently addressing a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon meeting at Salford, Mr. Nicholls is reported to have said that "he had tried the Gospel at the plough, in the stone-pit, and as a navvy—also on the platform, in the pulpit, and in Parliament, and, after all this experience, he was prepared to say that he had found nothing more sustaining or satisfying." Now, whilst in no way impugning the sincerity of the hon. gentleman, we would respectfully venture to suggest to him that methods of advocacy applicable to the plough, the stone-pit, the railway cutting and the pulpit are scarcely suitable to a deliberative assembly like the House of Commons, consisting of representatives of every shade of opinion and charged with the interests of all sections of the community. Even secularist citizens have rights.

The reason so many strange things come out of America is that so many strange people seem to have got into it. After six years' experiments in a sanatorium, Dr. Duncan Macdougall and four other "reputable physicians" have come to the conclusion that the souls of men and women weigh from half an ounce to a pound. We hasten to congratulate Macdougall and Co. on this remarkable discovery. Hitherto, we had supposed matters had been arranged so that all souls were of the same size and weight; but if one person may go through life with a sixteen-ounce soul, while another has to make shift with an eight-ounce one, it is clear we shall have to revise our theology. "How shall we bury you?" asked Crito of Socrates. "As you please," answered the sage, "only you must catch me first." In the clever American way the Macdougall has weighed without catching, much as a chemist would weigh smoke from a cigar. The cigar unsmoked, so much; the ashes, after smoking, so much; the difference, the weight of the smoke. Quite simple, of course, but it is news that the method applies to souls. We wonder whether it also applies to breath.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 225.

For telling a cyclist whom his dog had capsized "that as he paid 7s. 6d. a year for his dog's licence and the other paid nothing for his machine, the dog had more right to the streets"

MR. THOMAS VAUGHAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 226.

For maintaining "that it was extravagance and waste to spend public money for the purpose of teaching poor-law children games,"

THE REV. W. J. SOMMERVILLE
(a Manager of the Central London School District.)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 227.

For referring to a recent debate in Parliament under the heading of "The Diseased Wife's Sister Bill,"

THE *SHIELDS DAILY GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 228.

For issuing £1,000,000 "Perpetual Debenture Stock, subject to redemption on giving one year's notice,"

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 229.

For fully reporting a concert at Wheathampstead one week before it took place,

THE *HARPENDEN MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 230.

For advertising a "cheap parcel; child, year old, for 10s.,"

THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

RETURN OF JIM CROW.

OUR ECCENTRIC CONTRIBUTOR RECOVERED FROM THE HADLEIGH PIG FARM.

As readers of John Bull are aware, our eccentric and erratic contributor, Mr. Jim Crow, was recently despatched as our Special Commissioner to enquire into the condition of the pigs at the Hadleigh Farm Colony—which were reported to be in a filthy state. That was several weeks ago, and as no tidings of Mr. Crow could be obtained, we became alarmed, and sent down a special search party. For several days all their efforts to discover Mr. Crow were fruitless. Every sty was diligently searched, but without avail. The suspicions of one of the watchers—who is a retired inspector of nuisances—were, however, aroused by the peculiar demeanour of one of the pigs, and, saying nothing to his comrades, he decided to keep watch all night upon this particular occupant of the sties. His ingenuity and patience were at length rewarded, for, about the hour of cock-Crow, to his surprise and delight, this particular animal crept stealthily from his sty, and, after looking cautiously around, commenced to rummage amongst the litter, and, having produced an old pipe, sat bolt upright and proceeded to enjoy the fragrant weed. In less time than it takes to write, he was seized by our commissioner and brought back by the first cattle-train to town, under the confident impression that the porcine mammal was our long-lost collaborator. For the future, we intend to restrict our search party to lime-juice and barley-water.

Meanwhile, we are happy to announce that we have received the following telegram from Monte Carlo:—"All is lost save honour. Wire out another 'monkey,' and I will return to the fold. Crow."

We have accordingly wired out all our petty cash, and next week we hope to print Mr. Crow's experiences of the gay principality.

BILL CROOKS.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

"From Workhouse to Westminster: the Life Story of Will Crooks, M.P." By George Haw. With introduction by G. K. Chesterton. London: Cassell and Co. 1907. (Price 6s.)

An opinion exists, begotten, perhaps, by jealousy, that it is unnecessary, even indecent, to write biographies of any but the dead. Yet are the quick more entertaining, as well as more instructive. And biographers should remember the saying of Dr. Johnson, that "the dead cannot pay for praise."

Let us create a demand for the lives of all such as possess that peculiar gift of the gods, a personality. Let us have crowded canvases, richly Boswellian, of men like Churchill, Clemenceau, Roosevelf, the Kaiser, Burns, Curzon, Kitchener—even Tommy Bowles. and Chamberlain, and Crooks. Good or evil, wise or foolish, so long as they issue from their very own mould, and differ in all essentials from the vulgar herd, we want to know all about them, to seize every impression red-hot, to phonograph their voices and cinematograph their daily lives, to study them with all the infinite pains which Lord Avebury devotes to an insect.

SAINT CROOKS.

But our biographies must rise far above the journalistic effort of Mr. Haw. We want portraits, not badly-stained glass windows. Our chief interest in Bill Crooks lies in the fact that he is a man. But Mr. Haw labours solemnly to exhibit him as an angel. The which is bad tactics as well as bad taste. Too much sugar is wont to be a calamity, no less in a work of eulogy than in a pudding. And Mr. Haw affords us a surfeit of saccharine. The treacle trickles all over his three hundred pages, obliterating all light and shade, messing and coagulating and cloying until the palate cries aloud for wormwood and gall. At last we doubt whether Bill Crooks ever lived, and we vow that, if we ever find him, we will consign him to a glass case in the South Kensington Museum.

I do not quarrel with the disciple's pæan over his master's statesmanship, courage, generosity, kindliness, self-sacrifice, and independence. For, after all, Crooks is a fine fellow and means well. But I prefer the real Crooks, the human Crooks, to the graven image which Mr. Haw has set up on high. Indeed, that image is in many aspects a libellous caricature of the original. Reading between the lines, we seem to see a gushing, self-important, hustling personage, eaten up with petty vanity, whereas the gush is all Mr. Haw's, the vanity mostly vicarious. Mr. Haw is so proud of his hero that he reproduces, with some wearisome iteration, every little perfunctory compliment, every small social attention, every evidence of personal popularity, whereby Crooks has been gratified during his career.

WHO CARES?

Sir John was Chairman of the London County Council at the time. This is what he wrote to the Woolwich electors a few days before the poll: "Mr. Crooks has been my colleague on the London County Council for the last twelve years, and during the whole of that time he has worked with great zeal and ability for the good of London."

Mr. Keir Hardie wrote to the electors describing Crooks as "a first-class fighting man, and the best of good fellows, who would, if returned, bring credit and honour to the constituency."

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived and were formally received by the Mayor and Mayoress, before going round the tables, chatting and joking with Crooks.

After addressing the Baptist Union on a second occasion, a letter came to him from the secretary, the Rev J. H. Shakespeare:—"On behalf of the Council of the Baptist Union and on my own behalf I beg to thank you most warmly for the magnificent services you rendered to us last Tuesday night. It was delightful to hear you."

A different letter was one from his old friend, the Hon. and Rev. J. G. Adderley, announcing his call to Birmingham:—"Alas! I leave dear old London on November 2nd. Thank you for all you have been to me during my time here. I have known you now fifteen years."

The author has a way of mouthing small titles and toadying small social personages, which must surely be as distasteful to Bill Crooks as it is to ourselves. And his hero must sometimes have blushed over certain boasting expressions which Mr. Haw has seen fit to record:

A NIMBLE NURSEMAID.

"Some of you giggle when you see a man nursing a baby in long clothes. What is there to giggle at? I carried a baby in long clothes up the stairs at Shadwell Station the other day, because I saw it was too much for the poor mother who was struggling along. 'Here,' I said. 'hand it over; I'm used to that sort of job.' Perhaps you thought I looked a fool clambering up the stairs with a baby in long clothes. I don't think so. I satisfied myself by doing what evidently wanted doing."

Yes, that is all very well, but why brag about it? As a matter of fact, in spite of Mr. Haw's unconscious suggestions, Crooks is no braggart. At least, I did not find him so when I had the privilege of conversing with him. He is naturally proud of his position as a sort of unofficial parson, policeman, and cadi, among his own people of Poplar. And he possesses a reportory of stories illustrating that position.

A small girl came to the door one night with the announcement: "If you please, father's took to drink again, and mother says will Mr. Crooks come round and give him a good hiding?"

Curious ideas are held as to what Crooks's duties are. One irate citizen declared to his mates that he had done with Will Crooks for ever. He was appealed to for the reason. "Why," said he, "there's our sink bin stopped up nigh on three weeks, and he ain't bin round yet!"

SUNT LACHRYMÆ RERUM.

Crooks has an abnormal vein of pathos, but he does not gush. Mr. Haw, the bad biographer, not only gushes himself, but makes Crooks appear to gush. Perhaps, as a corrective to the tons of sugar in his book, he throws in buckets of tears. Alice's walrus was dry-eyed in comparison.

When Bill and his illiterate mother had struggled to indite a letter, "proudly they held the letter to the candle light to dry the ink, when the flame caught it, and, behold! the work of three laborious hours destroyed in three seconds. It was more than they could bear. Mother and son sat down and cried together." Why introduce this at all? It is not characteristic of the Crooks we know.

Tears, truly idle tears, again tax my credulity in the description of Bill's election as Mayor of Poplar. Twice the voting had been equal, and the retiring mayor decided to cast lots.

Meanwhile, the tension had become too much for some burly working-men in the public gallery. They could be heard blubbering. When you looked up you saw them mopping their grimy faces with red-spotted handkerchiefs or the ends of their scarfs (*sic*). . . . Soon the silence gave way to a roar of working-men's voices. "Crooks has got in!" "Our Will's made Mayor!" "God bless the Mayor!" Among that rough-jacketed company could be seen men falling on each other's necks.

BURLY BLUBBERERS!

It would take a mathematical expert to estimate the enormous odds against such a coincidence as that of burly, sober, sound, common-sense workmen howling and sobbing like schoolgirls over the victory of the man who fed the poor too well. However, as Mr. Haw has put it in print, I suppose it must be true.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

After the Poplar scandals, a rumour went forth that Bill Crooks meant to shake the dust of his borough from his hob-nailed boots. Imagine the lamentations interpreted by Mr. he-Haw!

Working-men came round to him in solemn deputation, and women and children stopped him in the street, in order to hear from his own lips that the bodeful rumour bore no meaning. . . . Old men hobbled towards him and clutched his arm and hand as they broke down in their efforts to tell him what was in their hearts. When he entered the women's wards there was a chorus of almost tearful appeals. "Say it isn't true, Mr. Crooks." "Don't go away and leave us, Mr. Crooks." Sitting alone at the end of a bench was one old dame talking to herself in that vague, mumbling way common to many old women in our workhouses. As she rambled on in her talk she took up the cry:—"Don't leave us, Mr. Crooks. . . . All the others left me long ago, and I don't know where they are. And my man was buried in 'eighty-nine. And I kept myself outside for fifteen years, a lone old woman; and you helped me, Mr. Crooks—God bless you!—until I couldn't look after myself any longer, and then you made me comfortable here. So now I count the days between your coming to see us to cheer us up. So please don't leave us, Mr. Crooks. For God's sake, don't—don't leave us, Mr. Crooks."

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey? That is the irreverent enquiry suggested by the maundering peroration of this unhappy book. It contains a few good anecdotes, presumably supplied by Bill himself. But it pourtrays Crooks no more than it does the man in the moon. Moreover, it is aggravated by an introduction, presumably intended to be paradoxical, by the man Crosland recently killed in the *New Review*. Jobson discourses about humour and pathos, and he tells us some seventeen times that representatives are missiles. But he wisely refrains from saying anything intelligible about Bill Crooks, whom he could understand even less than his snivelling biographer has done.

IN THE CITY.

YOUDE BILL POSTING ONCE MORE.

Some years ago Mr. Robert Youde conceived the idea of a huge Bill Posting Trust. He was to form a company which was to buy up all the existing businesses worth buying, and he actually got a number of options from large bill posting concerns. He was himself without financial credit, but he got hold of some very substantial Lancashire men, who put up a large sum of money to cover the obligations of the venture. In due course the company was formed. It had an immense capital, and whilst, if we remember rightly, there was an eminently respectable board, from the point of view of financial strength, Mr. Youde managed to concentrate in himself, as managing director, all real power and to secure the lion's share of the profit, if profits came. But although the prospectus was advertised literally regardless of expense the public did not bite. They did indeed subscribe some £70,000, and Mr. Youde was very loth to let it go back to them, but the Lancashire men were plain-dealing folk and insisted. A great deal of litigation followed, in which Mr. Youde played a curious part, his whilom backers gained experience of the painful but wholesome sort, and for a time the public heard little of Mr. Youde and his schemes.

But now he is on the warpath again, and on much the old lines. Already the managing director of the General Bill Posting Company, Limited, he has a new company in hand called the Provincial Bill Posting Company, Limited. Its authorised capital is £60,000, divided into £25,000 ten per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each, 25,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and 10,000 deferred shares of £1 each. The public is not, it appears, to be asked to find the whole of the capital at once. There is to be no public issue, no profuse advertising of the prospectus, as in other days. The preference shares will be allotted from time to time in such a manner as the directors think fit, until all the capital has been absorbed. The dividend on the ordinary shares is to be limited to 15 per cent., and the balance of profits—if there is a balance—after 15 per cent. of it has been placed to reserve, will go to the deferred shares, and all these shares, as well as all the ordinary shares, go to Mr. Youde. "Applicants for ordinary shares will be deemed to be nominees of the vendor, who will receive the amount paid on such shares." The £25,000 to be got from the issue of the preference shares will represent the cash to be put into the business. Mindful, it would seem, of his earlier differences with directors as to the proper sum upon which to go to allotment, Mr. Youde has fixed an allotment of 100 preference shares as sufficient to enable the directors to go to allotment. Mr. Youde is to be managing director for the term of ten years. The agreement does not stipulate for the payment of any salary, but as he may be granted such remuneration "as the shareholders in general meeting may fix," and as he or his nominees will hold all the ordinary and deferred shares, it may be taken that Mr. Youde will do well out of the company, whatever may be the case with other folk.

As in his great venture of the nineties, Mr. Youde has got some men to back him who could hardly be expected to row in the same boat with him. In the earlier and more ambitious company he was able to secure a well-known cotton spinner, Mr. Robert Clayton, who brought in other substantial folk, and now we notice that Mr. Henry Coates, deputy-chairman of the General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, is chairman of the present venture, as, indeed, he is of the General Bill Posting Company, Limited. It is well that it should be so from the public point of view, for Mr. Coates, like Mr. Clayton, may be trusted to see to it whilst he remains upon the board that its obligations to shareholders are not forgotten, but having regard to the past, and to the wide powers given to Mr. Youde, this is not a concern in which we can advise our readers to invest.

THE MAZAWATTEE TEA COMPANY.

It was a strange tale that Mr. John Densham had to tell the shareholders of this company on Friday last—a tale of reckless departure from sound lines of trading on the part of the old board which almost brought the company to ruin, and actually lost it at least £220,000 in a couple of years, and of courageous acceptance of responsibility by Mr. Densham and his colleagues of the present board at a time when they might well have shrunk from attempting to restore the company to something like its old position. But courage and capacity on their part have literally worked wonders. Mr. Densham told the shareholders at the general meeting that he "looked upon it as little short of a miracle" that the directors were able to place before them such a balance-sheet as they did that day, and others will agree with him. They have stemmed the tide of loss, and recovered the good will and respect of the retail trade throughout the country. Only twenty of the wholesale shops that so nearly brought the company to grief remain to be disposed of, and they will soon be got rid of. There is good reason to hope that the current year will see no check in the process of recovery, and shareholders may rely upon it that whilst Mr. John Densham remains at the head of affairs everything will be done that it is possible to do to restore the company to its old and leading position in the tea world.

Perhaps we may venture upon one word of advice as to a subject that naturally excites keen feeling among shareholders, and was discussed at the general meeting. We refer to the question of taking legal proceeding against those responsible for the loss of the £220,000 referred to above. It is natural that shareholders should urge the directors to take action, but we cannot help thinking they will be well advised not to do so. Whatever "eminent counsel" may say, the issue would be extremely doubtful, the litigation would be costly and prolonged, and the energies of the directors will be much better directed in looking after the present affairs of the company than in seeking damages that might never be got. It is a sound adage that about spilt milk.

FAUDELLS, LIMITED.

Faudells, Limited, has been formed for the purpose of selling the business hitherto carried on by Sir George Faudel Phillips, Bart., G.C.I.E., to the public, who are asked to pay £293,099 for it. It is a large sum. Is it worth it? We think not.

It is to be noted as significant that the vendors have no great faith in the future of the company—they show, indeed, very little faith in it. For of the £293,099 they ask the public to pay them, £195,103 is to be in cash. They take another £33,330 in debenture stock, a similar sum in preference shares, and only £32,333 in ordinary shares. An examination of the prospectus may serve to explain why this comparatively modest holding in the ordinary shares of the company satisfies the vendors. Taking the last five years, Messrs. Cash, Stone and Co. certify that the net profits have averaged £20,376, but with all due respect to these gentlemen we dissent, and point out that on their own figures there has been no such net profit, for this so-called net profit is only arrived at, as they quite frankly state in their certificate, "before charging interest on capital and loans, income-tax, depreciation, and fixtures, or remuneration to partners for management." Talk about net profits when leaving these items out of account is absurd.

A little further down in the prospectus, we find "Directors' and Auditors' fees, Sinking Fund, and Special Management expenses" put down at £3,325. If to these we add a proper allowance for depreciation and income-tax, we get something like £5,000 off the nominal net profit of £20,000, leaving, not the net profit given in the prospectus, but something like £15,000.

Now the capital of Faudells, Limited, is £200,000, in £100,000 5 per cent. preference shares, £100,000 ordinary shares, with £100,000 4 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock. Dealing with the last item first, the debenture stock is secured on the freehold and leasehold premises, valued, for prospectus purposes, at £78,770. In addition there is a floating first charge in favour of the debentures "on the undertaking and general assets of the company," but this latter security has often been found by debenture holders to be somewhat illusory. So that it cannot be said that this 4 per cent. debenture stock is anything like as well secured as other debenture stock now to be got which gives a better

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yield. Deducting the £4,000 for debenture interest, and the £5,000 for dividend on the preference shares, there remains roughly £6,000 for the purposes of reserve and dividend on the ordinary shares, and as even a distribution of 5 per cent. on them would require £5,000 out of this, the reason why the vendors take as little as may be of the ordinary share capital stands disclosed.

And for precisely the same reason the public will do well to have nothing whatever to do with this concern.

JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST AND AGENCY.

We understand that a further interim dividend will be declared at the end of the present month. It will be remembered that in December last a sixth dividend (at the rate of 2s. per share) was declared. Since that date, the company has been busily engaged completing the arrangements incidental to the absorption of the Joint Stock Salvage Syndicate.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO TRUST, LIMITED.

A correspondent, who signs himself "Retailer," sends us the following:—

> More power to your elbow. Our trade papers tell us retailers that the Imperial are not using all their powers! I and if we are good they will allow us to exist. Fact of it is we are all afraid to death—especially here in London where they have rods to thrash us with (that is their own retail shops).

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, undertake any "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" description of business.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum.

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

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THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

MAZAWATTEE TEA.

PAST DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME—IMPROVED TRADE RELATIONS.

The eleventh ordinary general meeting of the Mazawattee Tea Co., Ltd., was held yesterday at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. John Lane Densham (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. William T. Rest) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen.—You have all had a copy of the report and balance-sheet before you during the past week, and in proposing its adoption I will ask you to take it as read. The directors thought it only right that the fullest particulars as to what has been going on during the year under review should be given in the report, and it is not my intention to make a long speech or to add many words to it. At the meeting held here on 12th December, 1905, also at our general meeting in March last year, I entered fully into the reasons why this company was brought into such a position, and no one who was present at these two meetings can have an excuse for saying that they do not quite understand what has taken place. I venture to say that all shareholders present here to-day who are in any way connected with either the wholesale or retail tea trade—I include even our competitors in the City of London—look upon it as little short of a miracle that the directors are able to place before you such a balance-sheet as they do to-day. I can and do, with the other directors, deeply sympathise with shareholders who are not in touch with the trade and who, possibly for the first time, realise what a huge sum of money they have lost—money which is now irretrievably gone. To them I would say nothing shall be left undone which it is in the power of the directors to do, to try to build up a substantial reserve fund. One thing you will admit the directors can truthfully say—namely, that they have stemmed the ebb tide and recovered to the full the most valuable asset this company ever possessed, I mean the good will and respect of the retail tea trade throughout the country. (Hear, hear.) Being in possession of that respect and good will we look to the future with confidence. Under these circumstances perhaps you will not wonder at the directors coming before you in a cheerful frame of mind, notwithstanding the severe capital loss sustained. I feel I ought to tell you the first remark made by our chartered accountant—and I am anxious only to quote to you things said officially—when he saw the results of the year's trading last month. He said, "I know of hardly any other business in the City of London that would have recovered from such a serious blow as this one received. Business people will realise that it was not as if the trade lost had been simply thrown away and could be picked up at pleasure whenever it was wanted, but it had drifted into other hands, those of your competitors, and few people can realise the difficulty in getting trade lost in that manner back again." Before I ask Mr. Jackson to second the adoption of the report I would just say one word upon the attitude some of the shareholders took up at our last annual meeting with regard to whether we could take legal proceedings against those responsible for the great loss that has accrued. This has been in the hands of eminent counsel, and the Board are still considering the matter. I now beg to move that the report, accounts, and balance-sheet for the year ended 31st December, 1906, now submitted, be received, approved, and adopted.

Mr. Alexander Jackson (managing director), in seconding the motion, stated that he and his co-directors thoroughly agreed with every word that had been said by the Chairman.

SHAREHOLDERS AND THE LATE DIRECTORS.

Major Creswell desired to know whether the Chairman wished the initiative to come from the shareholders with regard to taking action against the late directors.

The Chairman said he thought such action should come from the shareholders, but, of course, it was utterly impossible for them to discuss in public what had been going on.

Major Creswell then proposed that a committee should be appointed to consult with the directors as to whether it was desirable to take action against the late directors.

Mr. T. J. Watts seconded the resolution.

Mr. Deacon thought it was very inadvisable to in any way force the hands of the directors. Personally he had every confidence in the present Board.

The Chairman pointed out that there was one thing to bear in mind by adopting the course suggested by the last speaker, which was that the shareholders were throwing a great responsibility upon the directors.

Mr. Drayton: I think you gentlemen are quite capable of managing our affairs. (Applause.)

The resolution for the appointment of a committee was then put to the meeting and was lost.

Mr. Roberts said that as a very old shareholder of the Mazawattee Tea Company he had listened to the Chairman's remarks with a great deal of pleasure, and he could thoroughly endorse every word the Chairman had said. He did not think there was a wholesale tea house in the City of London that was more respected by its customers than the Mazawattee Company. During the last twelve months he had received nothing but kindness from grocers, and he thought the excellent results as shown by the accounts conclusively proved in what high favour they were held.

Mr. Metcalfe said the Chairman had not told the shareholders how it was proposed to deal with the heavy loss of £220,000. He wished to ask him whether the whole of that sum had been lost.

THE COMPANY'S LOSSES.

The Chairman, in reply, stated that the question of the reduction of the capital and various other matters in connection with the losses they had sustained would be dealt with at the extraordinary general meeting which would be called when the matter would be thoroughly discussed.

The motion for the adoption of the report was then put and carried unanimously.

The Chairman then moved: "That the dividend on the preference shares of the company at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended 31st December, 1906, be paid."

Major Creswell seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The Chairman: I have now to move: "That Mr. Alexander Jackson and Mr. Algernon Charles Oswald be and are hereby re-elected directors of the company."

Mr. T. G. Howard seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

Mr. Jackson: I thank you very sincerely for the very kind way in which you have proposed the re-election of myself and Mr. Oswald. I can only say that I will do my utmost in the future in the interest of this business as I have done in the past.

Mr. Oswald: I also have to thank you very heartily for re-electing me to my seat on the Board.

On the motion of Mr. Mortimer, seconded by Mr. Staines, Messrs. Whinney Smith and Whinney were re-elected auditors.

STATEMENT BY THE AUDITOR.

Mr. Whinney: I wish to thank you very much for our re-election as auditors. I can assure you that w' a we came to sign the balance-sheet on this occasion we did so with a very great deal of pleasure. We have been auditors of the company ever since it was formed, and I am sure that the shareholders will appreciate that it has been from time to time a certain amount of anxiety to us, especially during the last two years, when we have been called upon to give a certificate. Now, I am glad to say, the anxiety has entirely disappeared, and this is entirely owing to Mr. John Lane Densham and those associated with him, who, avoiding all other considerations, came forward at a very critical period in the history of the company and took hold of it. Had they not done so, I, from my knowledge of the internal affairs of the company, am quite sure we should have had a very different state of affairs from that which we have to-day. All honour to them for their pluck, and it certainly did require a great amount of pluck on the part of these gentlemen to come forward in the way in which they did. I can only add that I am very much obliged to you for re-electing us, and I am sure we shall look forward to even a better result than that which is now placed before you. I do not believe there is a single business in the City of London which would have stood the buffeting which this business has gone through and which would have come through the ordeal with success. The business is sound and is well-founded, and the result is shown in the accounts. (Applause.)

Mr. Giles: Before we separate I think we ought to pass a very hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman. This is usually a formal vote, but to-day it is something more than that. It has been said at this meeting that the best asset of the company is the goodwill of the family grocer, but I have the impression that one of the best assets of the shareholders is the integrity and pluck of Mr. John Lane Densham. (Applause.)

Mr. Woollatt seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The Chairman briefly acknowledged the compliment.

The proceedings then terminated.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

COPPER SHARES.—HARPENDEN (Harpenden).—We will see if we can get the particulars you want.

BOND CO.—IRISHMAN (Howth).—We think it very doubtful whether the company will live to meet its engagements, and our advice to you is to sell for what you can get.

B. C. writes to us to say that he has a certificate with the Provincial Homes Investment Co., of Manchester, entitling the holder to an advance of £700 over heritable property approved by the directors. 90 per cent. of the sum is due to be advanced at present, as the certificate was taken out in November, 1902, and premiums of over £70 have been paid, and bonuses amounting to £3 9s. have been declared. As the holder is going abroad the policy will be of no use to him, and he would be glad of a purchaser. We shall be happy to put any of our readers, who may desire a Bond of the kind, in touch with him.

CARGO FLEETS.—W. D. (Barnsley).—We consider them, as matters stand, a fair speculative purchase.

PAWSONS AND LEAPS.—J. J. J. (London).—Send us along the particulars to which you refer.

INSURANCE CO.—DOUBTFUL (Tylorstown).—We cannot recommend you to deal with the company you name. It is never advisable to deal with third-rate concerns.

THE BRITISH MOTOR ENGINEERING CO.—NEW READER (Somerset).—We do not recommend you to purchase shares in motor companies at present. The best are necessarily very speculative.

NEW RAND SOUTHERN GOLD MINE CO.—C. W. L. (Grimsby).—We agree as to the hopeless outlook. Unfortunately you have no option but to pay the remaining 6d.

How to Make Money.—C. B. (Bournemouth).—Throw all such postcards into the waste paper basket. The people who send them are notorious rogues.

Prudential Insurance Co.—E. D. (London).—We really do not see why you should write so bitterly about the additional 2s. to your husband's bonus. We could have understood it if it had been at the rate of 22s.—instead of 32s.

Outside Brokers.—T. R. B. (Glasgow).—There is nothing to find out about these people save that they are of the disreputable section of Outside Brokers. We regret we cannot assist you in the matter, and return you the papers.

Salvation Army Assurance Society.—Grateful (Belfast).—We cannot take the responsibility of advising you to incur the loss that would follow your ceasing to keep up your payments. We have severely criticised the Society, but there is no immediate danger of claims upon it not being met.

Whole Life Policy.—H. T. (Crouch End).—Better deal with one company, and you cannot do better for this particular class of insurance than go to the Hand-in-Hand in New Bridge Street, E.C.

French Bonds.—Exon (Exeter).—The Bonds in themselves are good enough, but do not be misled by the statements in *T.P.'s Weekly* as to dealing with the International Securities Syndicate: a swindling concern, if ever there was one.

Bond Mahon Copper Mine.—Scot (Leyton's Lane).—We have heard something about a new company, but we doubt whether the capital could be got to re-open the mine.

National Old Age Pension Trust.—W. G. S. (Plymouth).—You may tell the old ladies and other friends who have discussed the matter with you that our advice to them is to have nothing to do with the Trust.

Various Shares.—L. A. (West Hampstead).—We have not sufficient information respecting the concerns you name to enable us to advise you with advantage.

Accident Insurance Co.—F. F. (Bournemouth).—Our answer is in the negative.

Mazawattee Tea Co.—H. C. (Lavender Hill).—We are obliged to you for your letter in which you say that you are a small shareholder in this Company, that you sell a good deal of the Mazawattee Tea, that you do not hear any complaints of its quality, and that you are confident that Mr. John Densham will soon restore the Company to its former prosperity. We are very glad to hear what you say, having no wish to speak unfairly of any Company, and more especially of one whose present Board is fighting with great ability to recover a position lost by the mistakes, to use a mild word, of their predecessors.

Continental Bonds.—E. G. C. (Forest Hill).—We are obliged by your complimentary references to John Bull. On no account purchase the Bonds you want through the swindlers you name.

Junior Army and Navy Stores.—Shareholder and Reader (London).—We are obliged by your reminder. You will have seen that the meeting took our view of the matter, and that the Chairman has since resigned.

Harrods Stores.—You have omitted to send us your name and address. If you supply the omissions, and send us full particulars, we will look into the matter.

The Century Insurance Co.—C. S. (Bournemouth).—The proposed terms of amalgamation with the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company would seem to have advantages. Do not credit the statements of the circulars to which you refer. According to the Chairman's statement shareholders are to be given a 3 per cent. dividend for the past fifteen months, and a bonus in hard cash of double the amount of the paid-up capital. They will, therefore, get £1 for the 10s. paid up on the shares, and of course they will be freed from the liability of £4 10s. upon each of the shares. The Liverpool, London, and Globe will be liable for the unexpired risks, which, on the basis of the 1905 premium income, are estimated at £61,495, and are paying probably more than a year's premium income of direct business for goodwill.

Congo Bonds.—Z. (Cornwall).—We see no reason to suppose that the Bond is not genuine, but probably you paid much more than the market price for it.

Canada Life Insurance Co.—G. T. T. (Southsea).—You will be quite safe in dealing with this Company.

Provident Association of London.—W. K. R. (Streatham).—It is financially strong and respectably managed.

Two Shares.—Zero (Whitehaven).—Both are very speculative, and we cannot advise you to buy either.

Japanese Stock.—J. C. (Morton).—(1) You will be paid in accordance with the terms of the issue. (2) We do not know any other Government Stock as good that will give you at present price, 6 per cent.

Three Insurance Companies.—R. C. (S.W.).—Yes, more especially the first.

Millars Karri Jarrah.—Bury (Rochdale).—Things are improving.

Huggins and Co., Ltd.—H. H. G. (Kennington).—We see no reason why you should.

British Homes Insurance Corporation.—A Regular Reader (Worcester).—You can do nothing. This absolute reliance upon the collector calling is very foolish. Why not send it direct? You say you cannot afford to keep paying 10s. a month. Why then undertake to do it? If Companies like the British Homes are to pay their way they must keep their members to their engagements.

Clare and Mortley.—Glasgow (Glasgow).—You have not satisfied us that there is any ground for complaint. If you know of any specific cases of harsh or unfair treatment let us have them.

The Anglo-French Manufacturing Co.—Syndicate (Besborough Gardens).—You would have been foolish to give up good prospects in the Civil Service to join a Company "to be formed," and "registered under the laws of Mexico or Arizona," for prospecting purposes.

Pekin Syndicates.—H. B. (Brighton).—We do not agree, but it is true that the present market value of all the shares is only about equal to the cash assets of the Company, if, as stated at the last meeting the Company hold about £800,000 Chinese 5 per cent. Bonds and over £150,000 in cash or realisable assets.

West Rand Consolidated.—E. N. (Hammersmith).—We shall hold the shares of both Companies for the present.

International Securities Syndicate.—J. C. W. (Wigan).—On no account have anything to do with them.

Redemption of Coupons.—Coupon (Hornsey).—We agree. The thing is to be avoided.

Purchase of Shares.—J. B. (Pontypool).—The buyer.

Broken Hill Proprietory Block 14 Company.—A. F. (Walton).—It would be better to invite the secretary to give you an explanation.

Rand Roodeport.—C. L. (Pembroke Dock).—(1) The present address of the Company is 80, Lombard Street, E.C. (2) We should say the "prospects" are anything but good. (3) If you know how to "force Secretary or Directors to give information to shareholders" it would be well to do it.

The Turkish Cigarettes Manufactory "EL FATEH" Samos, Turkey, will be pleased to submit sample boxes of their High Class Cigarettes on application to their English Agent, W. B. STEVENSON, 33, Stoney Street, Nottingham.

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NUTRITIOUS AND ECONOMICAL. COCOA

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

BY MRS. BULL.

(Mrs. Bull will be delighted to receive suggestions and contributions from our readers.)

Spring's in the world. The scent of park and country earth comes sweet as a woman's breath; within the warmth of its womb lies hid a myriad unawakened things.

So now is it, at this time, that the thoughts of every woman, be she young, or charming middle-age, or of a pretty oldness, lightly turns to thoughts of dress.

French women shew us that to be smart a woman must robe herself simply, albeit stylishly for the street. She cannot do better for morning wear then, than to don those neat man-cut suits and pin upon her hair a hat to go with such, be-ribboned or be-flowered.

Little checks in glacé silk and many another pretty material will be much worn upon forthcoming spring afternoons. Tassels of gold, silver, black, any colour indeed that you may fancy, will embellish all up-to-date frocks for day wear.

A SUGGESTION.

I cannot quite understand why emerald green is tabooed in woman's world, for to fair and dark-haired alike, so long as the skin is clear and charmingly tinted, it is an exceedingly becoming colour.

For those who, caring to leave the crowded high road of fashion and walk instead a by-way of originality, I can suggest a very attractive full-length coat of pearl-grey glacé silk, broadly collared and cuffed, also buttoned, with green velvet; a hat to wear with such an overall should be of grey straw, thrown well off the face, as is the pretty custom now, decorated with a green ostrich feather touching the hair, and a long, fine veil of net or lace falling upon the shoulders. To finish the picture, emerald rings should hang from the ears, and an emerald brooch be pinned at the throat.

NIGHT FROCKS.

Because, perhaps, women are to be so simply gowned by day they desire their night frocks to be in striking contrast to their morning decorousness. No ball or dinner-gown can be too gorgeous. I have just seen some of those moiré antique shot silks which, presently, are to be very much worn. Of these, the most beautiful, undoubtedly, are white-gold, grey-silver, strawberry-silver, purple with light green.

Those who are in quest of an elaborate, yet, at the same time, inexpensive evening gown, cannot do better than to invest in a sequined robe. These glittering embroideries may be obtained in silver, gold, bronze, and black; such may be purchased at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly.

FROCKS AT THE THEATRE.

Miss Eva Moore appears charmingly gowned in Mr. Sutro's new play, "John Glayde's Honour." Miss Moore's evening frock, worn in the first act, especially calls for admiration. It is composed of night-blue net over blue satin, and the skirt is arranged with long lines of silver ribbon and lace appliqué which, laid on at the waist, fall to a hem of green, sky blue, and silver embroidered roses. Green velvet ribbons find a place upon the bodice, the sleeves of which are hand-worked in the same colours seen at the hem of the skirt. In her hair Miss Moore wears a wreath of green leaves and little silver berries.

In the second act this same lady dons a delightful day frock of brown and white Shantung silk with a sash of black taffetas mousseline, embroidered at the ends with clusters of red cherries. The bodice has a chemisette and sleeves of cream lace; a small cherry-bound hat finishes this pretty picture. Miss Moore, in the third act, wears a Princess frock of pearl grey cashmere, charmingly embroidered with grey silks. This gown, however, is presently to be changed for one of painted chiffon with a woven border of green-blue and a hem of silver tissue, which glistens through a veil of very fine net. Raised ribbon embroideries, pink roses and green leaves decorate the bodice, while a green-blue hat plumed with green-blue feathers shading to lilac, is worn with this alluring frock.

Miss Helen Ferrer's gown, worn in the first act, is of floral peau de soie, striped with black velvet, upon which are fastened bunches of yellow and pink roses. Diamanté lace is laid upon the front of the skirt, while the same fine lace, together with a net, decorate the bodice. Net also forms a scarf, from the ends of which dangle charming little diamond tassels. A black Paradise plume, a rose wreath bound with diamond-studded ribbons, is worn upon the hair. Miss Ferrer's second dress is of deep pink chiffon, hemmed with velvet of an almost red shade. Here, upon the skirt, are seen the long lines of velvet embroidery to be much worn this year. The bodice of this gown is draped with cherry chiffon, beneath which may sometimes be caught a gleam of gold embroideries. A big hat of deep pink straw, the crown of which is encircled by an ostrich feather, goes with this frock.

Miss Henrietta Watson comes first upon the stage in a evening frock of bright coral silk, gold embroidered. Her day dress is charming, being of glacé silk of a yellow-pink shade; her hat to wear with this is a tulip yellow criloline, upon which sits a bird of Paradise.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.

Almost any pretty thing may be worn at night time upon the head. The débutante should bind her hair with lilies, while upon her bodice these same gentle flowers should find a place. To those with dawn hair I would suggest a bright green wreath of diamond-powdered laurel leaves, and upon dark tresses a gold tissue fillet, which presently is to be in such high favour. The hair may really be worn in a little hill upon the top of the head or rolled into a pretty knot at the neck; oval-faced women add to their charm by following the latter way. Curls are the order of the day. Plaits are dead. The hair should be parted in the centre, and the back tresses raised to the top of the head and laid in thick, close curls upon it.

OLD LACE.

There is no more beautiful decoration for evening, or even day gown wear than old, real lace. For those who own not these family heirlooms, I would suggest a prompt purchase of some comparatively inexpensive kind, Brussels, Bruges, Point du Duchess and the like, which to acquire the old mellowness I would lay for a few moments in weak tea water, squeeze dry and carefully pin out upon a soft wood board. To clean lace never have it laundried, or rest hot irons upon it, but simply wash, without rubbing, in warm water, and finish off in aforetold manner.

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ARE YOU DESTROYING YOUR HAIR?

SOME PEOPLE LITERALLY TEAR IT OUT.

There are thousands of men and women in this country who are deliberately destroying their hair.

Some are daily making themselves bald, many are engaged in discolouring their hair and turning it grey, others every morning of their lives carefully treat their heads with preparations that in the long run will most probably induce scurf and cause painful irritation.

Of course they do not want to destroy the hair. That is the pity of it. They want to preserve it, as they know what a handicap grey hair, or no hair at all, is in this world of the young, where "too old at forty" is the general rule.

Now there are two main ways by which hair can be destroyed. The first is neglect, the second—and most deadly—is wrongful treatment.

There are so many ways in which different people neglect their hair that we must leave our readers to think of these for themselves. Insufficient washing or washing too frequently; brushing and combing the hair either too little or too much, or in a wrong manner; disregarding the excess or deficiency of the natural grease of the hair; ignoring the presence of scurf or irritation, are just one or two of the everyday forms of neglect.

Now let us take an instance of using wrongful treatment.

Perhaps your hair is becoming slightly grey; perhaps bald patches are appearing on your crown; perhaps the scalp is scurfy; perhaps it is irritable.

What do you do when you find this to be the case? Why, in nine cases out of ten you fly to some much-advertised specific restorative—either for internal or external use—that claims to cure all and every disorder that hair has suffered from in the past, is suffering in the present, or will suffer in the time to come.

In fact, you are in the state described by Bishop Atterbury when he said, "When the body is affected with pain or sickness we are forward enough to look out for remedies, to listen to everyone that suggests them, and immediately to apply them."

But when your body is ill, when you are suffering from fever or rheumatism or influenza, you do not fly to some specific remedy that claims to cure all these three widely different disorders. No; you consult a physician, an expert, and allow him to prescribe for your particular complaint.

And the same argument applies also to your hair.

For the hair, in its way, is as complicated an organism, and suffers from as many different diseases as does the body. We have not space here to show how this is the case, but so it is.

And thus it is that by using one of these cure-all preparations a man or a woman may be simply aggravating their hair disorder.

Your hair may be too dry. Perhaps you are using a preparation that dries it still more. Perhaps your hair is too greasy. The cure-all remedy you use possibly contains a large proportion of oily matter. The disorder from which your hair is suffering may be localised at the root, in the shaft, or even in the sheath in which the hair grows. Your hair may be falling through the action of scurf, or through the action of some vegetable parasite, or through some microbe. Greyness, baldness, and the irritation of the scalp are not the same disorders, nor are their causes alike. The same remedy, therefore, cannot possibly cure them all.

If you wish your hair to grow you must know something about its structure and its nature. All this is contained in a most interesting book, entitled "The Hair: Its Growth and Its Disorders," which every reader of JOHN BULL who is suffering from any hair complaint may obtain free of all charge on application to Mr. Warner Oliver, the leading consultant on the hair, of 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

This book contains no puff or advertisement of any specific hair remedy, and nothing is offered for sale. All that is necessary when writing is to mention JOHN BULL, and say whether you are Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev., and a copy will be sent to you gratis and post free.

[ADVT.

Apart from the intrinsic value of real lace there hangs, too, about it a certain holiness, a sadness that I may only too inadequately describe. In Devon, for instance, where Honiton is still made, you may see poor, grief-haired old women slowly, surely, losing their sight in the eternal bending of the dying eyes upon their ill-paid, bread-bringing pillow work. Nor is this all, for the busy fingers of consumption tear at their lungs. Nevertheless, the pitiful motto of these women must be "work on" till all be still within them.

A REMUNERATIVE OCCUPATION.

Many women in want of a remunerative occupation may be surprised, no doubt, to hear that quite a goodly income can be berived from breeding dogs. Among the toy section the Pekinese, the curious little Chinese-worshipped sun-dog, are to-day the most popular. A single good puppy of this breed may fetch anything from £60 to £200, an adult £500. They are comparatively easy to breed, and may be kept in fieldless London with quite happy results.

Pomeranians, too, are quite as necessary to the woman of fashion as are her powder-puff and charming veil de luxe. The most favoured colour of this breed is orange now, though good specimens of blue, black and white are wanted, too.

The white West Highland terrier is a new creation in the doggy world. These dare-devil Scotties have, up till lately, been brindle or black, but the white are certainly more fascinating.

The little cocker spaniel is a breed of sporting dog fast gaining favour not only in the gunner's, but also in the show judge's eye. The Londoner, however, should not go in for him, as he is a dog that should be kennelled on wild lands.

TO COUNTRY DWELLERS.

I wonder if many of you who live in lonely country houses know what a really efficient guard a gander may be. He will warn you by his screeching day and night of the approach of a stranger; he will go for any unknown one, sometimes for those who are well-known, too! Mrs. Bull has a goose farm where the gander-in-chief is P.C. 435, Upminster. There is a small income to be derived from the breeding of geese, for the birds, eating nothing but grass, fetch high prices at Michaelmas and Christmas time.

Mrs. Bull advised goat farming to a man friend the other day, for the milk is of the utmost value to the weakly, and there will presently be a very great demand for such produce. The man-friend I tell you of is a thorough Londoner, ignorant of country life. However, he took a capital little farm place in Essex, and bought his stock. Unfortunately, no milk was to be obtained from them, and it was presently found that he had invested in a very large stock of Billy instead of Nanny goats!

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

The question of servants is ever a troublesome one. Electricity has taken the place of menials in the house of a gentleman of France. You knock at his door, it opens automatically, and a scraper comes gliding to rub your boots. You walk within, finding your host in the drawing-room. Here a table rushes to you with tea. The dinner comes up from the kitchen in a lift, and runs on miniature railway lines to the table. A sort of big shovel scoops up the soiled plates. If you descend to the kitchen you will find the meat being chopped, soup being made by revolving machines. A sun may be turned on when you wish in the garden, where there are in the open in winter summer flowers and vegetables, and summer birds. The beds, too, are made by electricity, and by the same way the rooms are dusted and brushed. There is electricity to tub and robe you, to wash, mend, and make your clothes. So you may sit still for ever and be silent while your servant, electricity, answers to the pressure of a knob. Above all, there are no followers.

A CAPITAL HAIR WASH.

A really excellent hair wash may be made by boiling a broken cake of yellow scrubbing soap in a saucepan of water to which also a small bit of soda has been added. Rub the head well with the mixture, rinse with tepid rain water, and the hair, when dry, will sparkle and smell sweetly. Mrs. Bull prescribed the above simple receipt to an old Essex woman who, in her own words, hadn't "stupped me hayer to watter this thutty year," with quite a brilliant effect.

SOMETHING NEW.—Many people residing far from centres experience difficulty in raising a few pounds ready cash. THOMSON BROS., Pawnbrokers, established over 100 years, lend sums, small and large, against Jewellery, etc., sent them by post. Low interest charged (2s. 6d. per month for £10). Cash by return. Carriage paid both ways. London addresses: 158, High Street, Borough; 200, The Grove, Stratford; 8, Roman Road, Barnsbury. Bankers, London and County. Please quote this paper.

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JOHN BULL'S POST-CARDS.

To Monsieur Fallieres, President of the French Republic, Elysée, Paris.

Monsieur,—Pray accept my condolence and my sympathy for France in the terrible disaster to the "Jena," resulting as it has in the desolation of so many homes, and in the destruction of one of the finest ships in your country's navy. All England is with France in her sorrow.

We hear much of the horrors of war. Here, monsieur, is one of the horrors of peace. Apart from the appalling loss of human life, and the not less appallling injuries to many of the survivors, the "Jena" cost £1,300,000, and will, of course, have to be replaced from your country's resources. Across the Channel we grip hands in the day of mourning, monsieur, and may that grip be ever as sincere in friendship as it is to-day. *J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer, monsieur.*

JOHN BULL.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS, M.P.
All for the Cause!

Madame Melba, care of New York.

My Dear Nightingale,—Hear you have postponed your return to England to sing into somebody's gramophone for a week on a guarantee of £10,000 in royalties from the sale of the records. If I had a voice like yours I dare say I should have delayed my journey homewards for the same reason. With a beautiful voice a person may travel through Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia and never have to work for a living. With a beautiful gramophone that voice is within reach of the humblest home. It can be used either for annoying the neighbours or waking the baby. It can be started at one o'clock in the morning and be kept going all day Sundays. It is available as an accompaniment to the piano or a warning to cats. Give a man a beautiful voice in a gramophone and he doesn't care who wishes him in Hades. His soul drinks in the delirious music in tremendous gulps. His motto is, "Let the grama phone through the heavens fall." So, farewell, rapturous lady. You make me envious. I would rather own your voice than die for my country.

JOHN BULL.

Walter Hunt, Esq., 60, Eardley Road, Streatham.

Dear Wally,—I perceive you are a candidate for the high and noble office of Guardian for the Wandsworth Union, and that you describe yourself as "Chimney-sweep and Author." It is wholly refreshing to find that one who has won such splendid success in the flues of time is not ashamed to acknowledge the lowlier calling which he has tacked on to the business.

Chimney-sweeping, Wally, is one of the higher professions, especially when you consider the money to be made per bag of soot. I am not saying for a moment that I should like it. It demands strenuous labour, and against the profits you have to set off a vast deal for soap; but to anybody ambitious to make his mark in the world wherever he goes and whatever he touches, chimney-sweeping seems the thing.

It is different with authorship. Authing is but an off-side job. A man can sweep several chimneys during the time it would take him to auth a booklet. Your *chef d'œuvre* in authing, as I understand, is an ethnological work on that touching topic, "Are we a declining Race?" No, my friend, we are not—not while there remains one Englishman who can sweep a chimney as well as human hands can sweep it, or write a treatise on ethnology which anybody on earth can be persuaded to buy; but I am pretty sure that, with all your talents, you have made more money out of chimneys than you are ever likely to make out of literature. Wherefore, stick to chimneys in business hours, and do your authing in the evenings, for this is a queer world, and the obligation upon a man is not only to improve his mind, but to get the utmost into his pockets.

I hope you may be successful in your candidature. If so, keep a clear head and a cool temper, and avoid a brush. As Ecclesiasticus has said, to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose. We are here to-day, and goodness knows where we shall be to-morrow. Probably up the chimney or the spout.

JOHN BULL.

His Majesty Alphonso, King of Spain.

Serene Maj.,—I have just been reading about what is going to happen "early in April." How people get to know these things is a mystery to me. Hope you haven't been prematurely proclaiming your joy. There's many a slip, remember.

It seems that "the birth of the heir will be announced from the balcony of the Royal Palace by the Major-Domo," and that you will signalise the event by pardoning a large number of prisoners. But you know, Sire, people should not rely on things too much; they should not prophesy until they know; that boy may be a girl. Do you remember the reply Huxley made when a lady remarked to him upon the goodness of Providence. "Yes, madame," was the reply, "he's good, but he's careless."

The reporter has it, Majesty, that you have "even designed part of the layette which is being prepared." That is good. I like your enthusiasm; but do give up conversing with the more strenuous reporters, or one of these fine days you will awake to find that their enterprise has astonished you.

JOHN BULL.

LORD CURZON.

COMING OUT OF HIS SHELL.

BULL'S EYES.

PARLIAMENTARY PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY:—
All roads lead to the Lobby.

A pair often sweetens the apple of political discord.

Ministers propose, majorities dispose.

Party loyalty covereth a multitude of sins.

The Man in the Street hath said in wrath, "All members are lawyers."

Speech is silvern, silence is golden, but straight-voting is often valued at a peer's coronet.

The office makes the Minister, not the Minister the office.

Questions are more frequently replied to than answered.

Facts are often of less parliamentary importance than fluency.

Election promises, like rules of procedure, are made to be modified.

In Parliament, strategy and tactics, like celebrity and notoriety, are often confounded.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the medical students are in mourning for Dowie.

That the recent strike of electricians in Paris was no light affair.

That Mr. Haldane's motto is "No Irish need apply."

That the prospects of universal peace are very v(h)ague.

That when invited to send a representative to the Colonial Conference, the Transvaal said "Botha it."

That Westminster Bridge won't stand even a "Little Slam."

That anti-suffragist members are to be conveyed to the House by water, in future.

That Mr. Rowland Hunt is not being whipped by his party.

That the Cambridge men have deserved their "blues."

That the unemployed think John Burns has been too canny in dealing out the tin.

That the Government attitude towards the Suffragette Bill is Dickinsonian—Oliver Twist, in fact.

SOME DEFINITIONS:—
Acrostic.—A word puzzle—a wife.
A-dam.—A polite swear word.
Alimony.—Adding insult to injury.
Antipodes.—Anything exactly opposite—your wife's opinion.
Because.—A woman's favourite explanation.
Beggar.—A hungry man.
Actor.—A hungrier man.
Bell.—A hollow, sounding body.
Belle.—About the same thing.
Bill.—A modern way of telling the first of the month.
Biscuit.—An award of merit founded by JOHN BULL.
Caft.—Same as restaurant, except in prices.
Cake.—A mistake on the part of your cook.
Compliment.—A fairy tale.

Mr. Chamberlain has gone to Cannes. The fiscal policy has gone to pot.

Another lady has climbed a steeple. Ladies usually a-spire to a high place.

It appears there has been a little rumpus about the selection of Mr. Pickford for a judgeship. But his name carried weight, and he also has a good delivery.

The excuses for the Progressive defeat are many. One authority blames the *female*, but most people blame the *Mail*. After all, it is only a Moderate victory.

A man recently sentenced to twelve months' hard labour said "he was a poet from birth." In that case his sentence was a light one.

The constellation Pieces is described in a contemporary as "an evening star, but not very bright." More journalistic jealousy.

Charged with being drunk and disorderly, an East Ham woman said she was subject to "electric" fits and religious excitement. A unit-arian, evidently.

From a contemporary: "What will Wales do without Owen?" We presume it will have to pay up.

Asked if he had any goods, a county-court defendant said he had a dog. We are not told whether the bailiff seized the dog, or how it ended.

General Booth declares he would have no hesitation in accepting Mr. Rockefeller's money to any amount. Nor would we.

According to Sir F. Banbury, if the new scheme of the Metropolitan Water Board is carried, "it will be cheaper to wash in beer." Jim Crow intends to support the measure, and hopes it will be a good one.

The doctor at Southampton workhouse having certified an inmate fit to break stones, the pauper proceeded to cleave the doctor's head with a chopper. A fine testimonial.

A lady giving evidence recently admitted she had not been very successful on the stage, "or she would have stopped there." Innocent creature!

An inquest has been held at Shoreditch on a man named Thomas à Becket, who claimed descent from his illustrious namesake. It was pointed out that the Archbishop was a celibate, but the claim was not rejected.

The Bishop of Selkirk, speaking at Westminster, said that while in the Arctic regions he had taken up surgery. "He had practised on his wife, and his wife had practised on him. He cured himself of pleurisy by mixing snow and mustard." Jim Crow says he has got splendid results by mixing rum and milk.

Mrs. Reid, speaking at Caxton Hall in support of Women's Suffrage, said at present "they were the Cinderellas of politics, but the day was not far distant when the position would be altered." Where are the ugly sisters?

The Deceased Wife's Sister is being overhauled in the Standing Committee, and Lord Robert Cecil wrangled for hours as to whether a man could marry his deceased wife's half-sister. It depends upon whether it is the better half.

Mrs. Nepean is of opinion that nothing is more ladylike than black, "and, funnily enough, men prefer it to colours." The idea of a man wanting to see his wife in black is certainly very funny.

According to Mr. Massingham, "C.B." is fond of a joke. Wonderful how these press men ferret things out!

The *Berliner Tageblatt*, referring to the Hague Conference, says: "Rome was not built in a day, and 'C.B.' is the man who brings the first brick." At whose head will he throw it?

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton says: "No country in a high state of civilisation can afford to be without its contingent of fools." It is our proud boast that we are the most civilised nation in the world.

The process of instructing ignorant mothers how to bring up their children goes on. Mr. Wynne Baxter asserts that they "might just as well give children flints and tin-tacks as boiled bread, biscuits, etc." We hope Mrs. Bull will not miss this item from her page.

The Wertheimer mystery is clearing. They haven't got the pictures, but they've got the (finger) prints.

The *Daily Mail* is annoyed at the German statesman's remark: We should have thought it would have considered them Buelow notice.

Many wonder how the laziest man has lived all these years without work. The answer is plain: he lived on tick.

During the recent fog the *Mail* stated that it was so pitch dark that bats were seen. We expect the correspondent was a cricket reporter.

"Peace to his ashes" may look very well on a tombstone, but "ashes" is rather suggestive.

Robbie Burns had something to say of the Brig o' Ayr, and now John o' that ilk has a deal he would like to say of the air o' Brigg.

A Northampton boy named Sykes, who travelled from Bristol to Crewe under the seat in a railway train, told the magistrate he often travelled in this way and wanted to go to sea. It is not stated whether, when asked for his ticket, he said "season."

Major Cotton, when attacked by a lion in Africa, was saved by a copy of *Punch*. The poor beast could not get through it.

A horse injured by a motor omnibus was dosed with three-star brandy, and whisky of the best. A spirited animal.

MR. DOOLEY ON A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

BY F. P. DUNNE.

(*Copyright, 1907, by H. H. McClure and Co.*)

"Logan was in here just now," said Mr. Dooley, "an' he tells me he was talkin' with th' Alderman an' they both agreed we're sure to have war with th' Japs inside iv two years. They can see it comin'. Befure very long thim little brown hands acrost th' sea will land us a crack in th' eye an' thin ye'll see throuble."

"What's it all about?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Divvle a thing can I make out iv it," said Mr. Dooley. "Hogan says we've got to fight f'r th' supreemacy iv th' Passyfic. Much fightin' I'd do f'r an ocean, but havin' taken th' Ph'lippeens, which ar-re a blamed nuisance, an' th' Sandwich Islands, that're about as vallyable as a toy baloon to a horseshoer, we've got to grab a lot iv th' surroundin' dampness to protect thim. That's wan reason why we're sure to have war. Another reason is that th' Japs want to sind their little forty-five-year-old childher to be iddycated in th' San Francisco public schools. A third reason why it looks like war to Hogan an' th' Alderman is that they'd been dhrinkin' together.

"Wud ye iver have thought 'twas possible that anny wan in this counthry cud even talk iv war with thim delightful, cunning little Oryentals? Why, 'tis less thin two years since Hogan was comin' home fr'm th' bankit iv th' Union iv Usurers with his arms around th' top iv a Jap's head while th' Jap clutched Hogan affectionately about th' waist an' they sung 'Gawd Save th' Mickydoo.' D'ye raymimber how we hollered with joy whin a Rooshyan Admiral put his foot through th' bottom iv a man-iv-war an' sunk it? An' how we cheered in th' theaytre to see th' cute little sojers iv th' Mickydoo mowin' down th' brutal Rooshyan moojiks with masheen guns. An' fin'ally whin th' Japs had gone a thousand miles into Rooshyan territory an' were about busted an' ayether had to stop fightin' or not have car fare home, our worthy Prisident, ye know who I mean, jumped to th' front an' cried: 'Boys, stop it. It's gone far enough to satisfy th' both iv ye.' An th' angel iv peace brooded over th' earth an' crowed lustily.

"Day afther day th' pa-apers come out an' declared, in th' column next to th' half-page ad iv th' Koppenheimer bargain sale that th' defeat iv Rooshya was a judgment iv th' Lord on th' Czar. If ye saw a Jap annywhere ye asked him to take a dhrink.

"Hogan talked about nawthin' else. They were a wondherful little people. How they had diviloped! Nawthin' in th' histhry iv th' wurruld was akel to th' way they'd come up. They cud shoot straighter an' oftener thin anny other nation. A Jap cud march three hundhred miles a day f'r eight days with nawthin' to eat but a gumdhrop. They were highly civvylized. It was an old civvilization but not tainted be age. Millyons iv years befure th' first white man set fut in Milwaukee th' Japs undhershtud th' mannyfacther iv patent wringers, sewin' masheens, reapers, tillyphones, autymobills, ice cream freezers, an' all th' other wondhers iv our boasted Westhren divilopment.

"Their customs showed how highly they'd been civvylized. Whin a Jap soldier was defeated rather thin surrendher an' be sint home to have his head cut off he wud stab himself in th' stummick. Their treatment iv women put thim on a higher plane thin ours. Cinchries ago befure th' higher iddycation iv women was dhreamed iv in this counthry, th' poorest man in Japan cud sind his daughter to a tea house, which is th' same as our female siminaries, where she remained till she gradyated as th' wife iv some proud noble iv th' old Samuri push. Their art had ours thrimmed to a frazzle. Th' Jap artist O'Casey's pitcher iv a lady leanin' on a river while a cow walked up her back, was th' loveliest thing in th' wurruld. They were th' gr-reatest athletes iver known. A Japanese child with rickets cud throw

HEALTH

M. S. S.
CURES
INDIGESTION
CONSTIPATION
BILIOUSNESS
AND ALL
DIGESTIVE
ILLS.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP gives you health by restoring your stomach, liver and bowels to natural working activity; ill-health is then impossible. It enables you to digest your food and to draw from it the nourishment it contains: strength is then assured.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP

"I lost all appetite and was soon so weak I could not work. I had constant headaches often with dizziness, and I was tortured with wind and stomach pains. But Mother Seigel's Syrup worked like a charm and I am now as well as ever." Miss Banister, 4, Arden Cottages, West Malvern. Jan. 8, 1907.

STRENGTH

The 2/6 Bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

To Dress Well at a moderate cost
call on

R. J. Wheeler,
High Class Tailor,
2, FINSBURY PAVEMENT AND
5, TOWER CHAMBERS
(Corner of London Wall and Moorgate St.).

SPECIAL SHOW OF NEW SPRING GOODS,
2,000 Designs to select from.

Lounge Suits from -	£2	5	0
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Orders received now can be executed prior to Easter.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS & SIMPLE SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM.

WANTED
50,000 GENTLEMEN
to send a Postcard for FREE Patterns of our 21/- Suits to Measure (valued by thousands of our customers at £3 3s.). You will be astonished at the value we give.
SUITS to Measure, 21/-, 27/6, 32/6.
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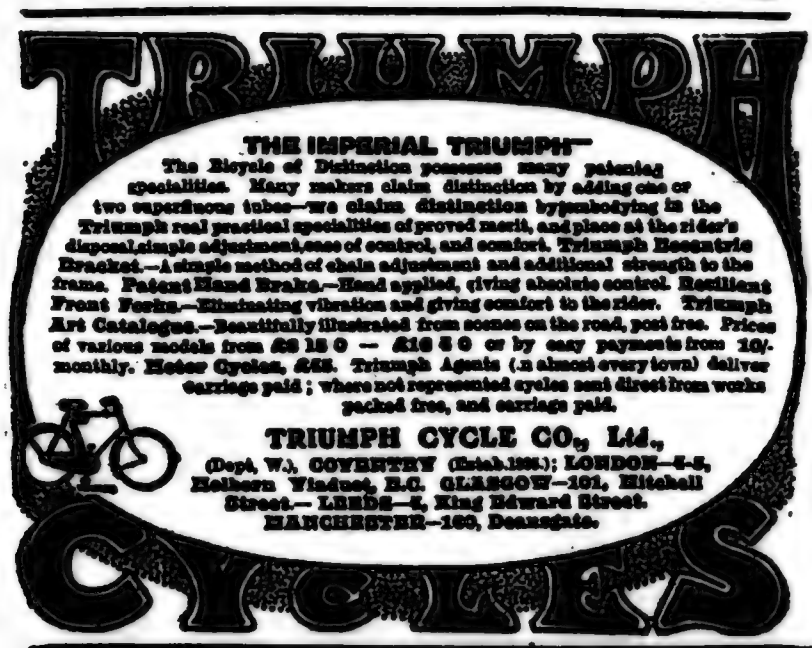
The suits are made from reliable and handsome Tweeds, Worsteds, and Vicunas. Send a Postcard for Patterns, forwarded free and carriage paid, which need not be returned. Together with patterns, we will send you our fashion plate of latest designs, booklet containing a long list of absolutely unsolicited testimonials from gratified clients all over the world, tape measure and self-measure form, whereby you may measure yourself as accurately as any tailor. You take your measure to our instructions; we guarantee a perfect fit, or refund the amount of your money in full. Our Terms are: Satisfaction Given or money returned.
CURZON BROS., World's Measure Tailors, (Dept. 191), 60 & 62, City Road, Finsbury, London, E.


TRIUMPH
THE IMPERIAL TRIUMPH—
The Bicycle of Distinction possesses many patented specialities. Many makers claim distinction by adding one or two superfluous tubes—we claim distinction by embodying in the Triumph real practical specialities of proved merit, and place at the rider's disposal simple adjustment, ease of control, and comfort. Triumph Eccentric Bracket.—A simple method of chain adjustment and additional strength to the frame. Patent Hand Brake.—Hand applied, giving absolute control. Resilient Front Forks.—Eliminating vibration and giving comfort to the rider. Triumph Art Catalogue.—Beautifully illustrated from scenes on the road, post free. Prices of various models from £8 15 0 — £16 5 0 or by easy payments from 10/- monthly. Motor Cycles, £25. Triumph Agents (in almost every town) deliver carriage paid; where not represented cycles sent direct from works packed free, and carriage paid.
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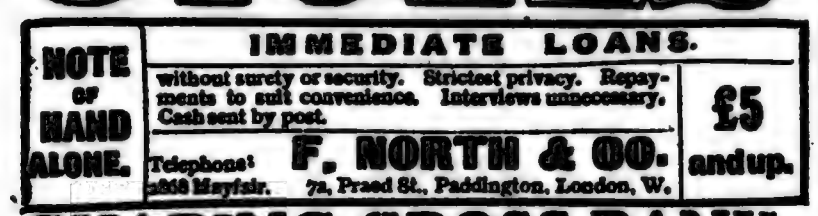
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Telephone: 2868 Mayfair.
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CHARING CROSS BANK.

(Established 1870.)

28, Bedford-Street, Charing-Cross, W.C., and 39 Bishopsgate-Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield, Cardiff, Southampton, Plymouth, etc.
Assets, £2,136,247. Liabilities, £796,782. Surplus, £339,465.
Loans of £50 to £1,000 made on any class security.
2½ per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
The Terminable Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent., and are a safe investment. Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 36 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

Jiffries over a church. They had a secret iv rasslin' be which a Jap rassler cud blow on his opponent's eyeball an' break his ankle. They were th' finest soordsmen that iver'd been seen. Whin a Japanese soordsman wint into a combat he made such faces that his opponent dhropped his soord an' thin he uttered a blood curdlin' cry, waved his soord four hundhred an' fifty times over th' head iv th' victim or in th' case iv a Samuri eight hundhred an ninety-six, give a whoop resimblin' our English wurrud 'tag,' an' clove him to th' feet. As with us on'y th' lower classes engaged in business. Th' old arrystocracy distained to thrade but started banks an' got all th' money. Th' poor man had a splendid chance. He cud devote his life to paintin' wan rib iv a fan f'r which he got two dollars, or he cud become a cab horse. An' even in th' wan branch iv art that Westhern civvylization is supposed to excel in they had us beat miles. They were th' gr-reatest liars in th' wurruld an' formerly friends iv th' Prisidint.

"All these here things I heerd fr'm Hogan an' see in th' pa-apers. I invied this wondherful nation. I wisht, sometimes, th' Lord hadn't given me two blue an' sometimes red eyes an' this alkiline nose, but a nose like an ear an' a couple iv shoe-buttons f'r eyes. I wanted to be a Jap an' belong to th' higher civvylization. Hogan had a Jap frind that used to come in here with him. Hogan thought he was a Prince, but he was a cook an' a student in a theelogical siminry. They'd talk be th' hour about th' beauties iv what Hogan called th' Flowery Kingdom. 'Oh, wondherful land,' says Hogan, 'Land iv chrysanthymums an' cherry blossoms an' gayshee girls,' says he. 'Jap-an is a beautiful land,' says Prince Okoko. 'Nippon, (that's th' name it goes by at home) Nippon, I salute ye,' says Hogan. 'May victhry perch upon ye'er banners, an' may ye hammer our old frinds an' allies fr'm Mookden to Moscow. Banzai,' says he. An' they embraced. That night, in ordher to help on th' cause, Hogan bought a blue flower pot fr'm th' Prince's collection f'r eighteen dollars. He took it home indher his ar-rm in th' rain an' th' next mornin' most iv th' flower pot was on his new overcoat an' th' rest was meltin' all over th' flure.

"That was the beginnin' iv th' end iv th' frindship between th' two gr-reat nations that owe thimsilves so much. About th' time Hogan got th' flower pot, th' fire sale ads an' th' Rocshyan outrage news both stopped in th' newspa-apers. A well-known fi-nanceer who thravelled to Tokeeo with a letter iv inthraduction to th' Mickydoo fr'm th' Prisidint beginnin', 'Dear Mick,' got a brick put through his hat as he wint to visit th' foorth assistant to th' manicure iv th' eighth assistant to th' plumber iv th' bricklayer iv th' Mickydoo, which is th' nearest to his Majesty that foreign eyes ar-re permitted to look upon. A little later a number iv Americans in private life who wint over to rayceive in person th' thanks iv th' Impror f'r what they'd done f'r him talkin' ar-round th' bar at th' Union League Club, were foorced be th' warmth iv their rayciption to take refuge in th' house iv th' Rooshyan counsel. Th' next month some iv th' subjects iv our life-long frind an' ally were shot while hookin' seals fr'm our side iv th' Passyfic. Next week a prom'nent Jap'nese statesman was discovered payin' a socyal visit to th' Ph'lippeens. He had with him at th' time two cameras, a couple iv line men, surveyin' tools, a thousand feet iv tape line an' a bag iv dinnymite bombs. Last month th' Jan'nese Governmint wrote to th' Prisidint: 'Most gracious an' bewilderin' Majesty, Impror iv th' Sun, austere an' patient Father iv th' Stars, it has come to our benign attintion that in wan iv ye'er populous domains our little prattlin' childher who ar-re over forty years iv age ar-re not admitted to th' first reader classes in th' public schools. Oh, brother beloved, we adore ye. Had ye not butted in with ye'er hivenly binivolence we wud've shook

C-B's TRUE HAIR GROWER
PRODUCED THIS HAIR.

HAIR 3 INCHES LONG. HAD BEEN QUITE BALD.

Bowling, Yorks.

Dear Sir,—I can truly say your Pomade is everything it is represented to be. Five months since, that was in July, I was quite bald, and could not go out. I got one trial box, and one large box, and in six weeks I was able to put my hat on and go out. My hair is now three inches long, and I think another box to apply occasionally will be quite sufficient for my case. Your true Hair Grower cannot be too fully appreciated, and I shall recommend it to all my friends. Yours truly,

L Braschomb

BALD PATCH COVERED WITH ONE BOX.

Whetley Hill, Bradford.

Dear Sir,—Having had a bald patch on my head for about a year, I had tried all manner of hair restorers, and at last gave it up in despair. One day a friend showed me your advertisement and I sent for a trial box. I was very much pleased and not a little surprised to find at the end of three weeks that the new hair was nearly as long as the old. In my case one trial box was sufficient to accomplish what I had despaired of. Yours faithfully,

Chas. L. Riley

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.

Fulham.

Dear Sir,—Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, and after applying your ointment it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places; therefore, I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends. If you care to use this as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.—Yours truly,

H Coles.

SIX BALD PATCHES COVERED.

Nursted Rocks, Petersfield.

Dear Sir,—I cannot speak too highly of your True Hair Grower. In the early part of the year I found a bald place at the back of my head, a few weeks later another appeared, and other parts of my head began to get very thin. I had in all six bald patches. After using your treatment it affords me much pleasure to state that my head is now covered with hair. I feel most grateful to you and shall always recommend your Hair Grower.—Yours faithfully,

J A Clark.

HAIR GROWN THICKER AND STRONGER.

9, Hill Street, Middlesboro'

Sir,—Some months ago my hair began to fall out, nothing seemed to stop it until I used your preparation, thanks to it my hair has grown much thicker and longer. I enclose my photo. You may use this if you wish.

M Briggs

CURED BALD PATCH.

Earlsdon, Coventry.

Dear Sir,—My wife some time ago got some of your Hair Restorer to thicken her hair, which it did, and she is perfectly satisfied with it. Having myself had a bare place I tried your Restorer with good results. The hair has grown again and you can not detect the place. I must say your Restorer is worthy of notice, and will recommend it as a sound and honourable preparation. Wishing you every success, Yours respectfully,

I L Pearson

WAS QUITE BALD. NOW HAS A FINE HEAD OF HAIR.

Burton-on-Trent, 24th Nov.

Sir,—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit my daughter has received from the use of your hair growing preparation. Some two or three years ago it began to fall off rapidly, and in less than a month she was quite bald. I used five or six boxes of your preparation, and I am pleased to say that now she has as fine a head of hair as it is possible to have, being nearly 2 ft. long, and very thick and curly. I have given a great deal of people your address, being constantly asked for it, and am recommending it whenever I can. You can make use of this letter if you wish to. Wishing you all success,

Yours gratefully,

Joseph Jeavons

WARNING re INTERNAL REMEDIES

The many persons who are dosing themselves with Capsule remedies of salts of iron in the vain hope that by killing alleged "germs" they can get back their hair should read the following notices:—

£100 REWARD.

One hundred pounds in gold will be paid to any charity named by the person who can prove to the satisfaction of any acceptable authority—the Editor of the "Lancet," for example—that harmful germs exist in the bottom of the hair follicles, and, that the demodex folliculorum which do exist at the openings of and around the hair follicles can be exterminated by the swallowing of capsule remedies of salts of iron or other medicine.

A. S. NEASON, Manager.

£100 REWARD.

One hundred pounds sterling will be paid to any charity named by the person that proves to the satisfaction of any acceptable authority—the Editor of the "Lancet," for example—that the Craven-Burleigh preparations do not in theory and practice, where therapeutically possible, remove the demodex folliculorum stop falling hair and promote hair growth.

A. S. NEASON, Manager.

"Hair Grown on Heads which have been bald for Years."—This is an extraordinary assertion. I have never made it upon my own responsibility, but I set it forward to your attention as being the main feature of hundreds of recommendatory letters which have reached me, of which the letters given below are fair examples. I will on request send a collection of similar letters for your perusal. **They are all genuine,** and open to fullest investigation, and were sent to me voluntarily. **I have omitted to print** the complete name and address in most instances for obvious reasons, but every letter can be shown and perused at my London Office. **To every thinking person this unsolicited testimony must carry conviction.**

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES.

6d

LARGE TRIAL BOX

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a **LARGE TRIAL BOX** of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

Expert Advice to Callers Free.

ADDRESS—

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 189s, Craven House, OPPOSITE BRITISH MUSEUM, **London.**

Rooshya down f'r much iv her hateful money. It is our intintion to sind a fleet to visit ye'er shores, partickly San Francisco, where we undherstand th' school system is well worth studyin'.'

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. Th' frindship ceminted two years ago with blood an' beers is busted. I don't know whether annything will happen. Hogan thinks so, but I ain't sure. Th' Prisidint has announced that rather thin see wan octoginaryan Jap prevented fr'm larnin' his a-bee-abs he will devastate San Francisco with fire, flood, dinnymite, an' personalities. But San Francisco has had a pretty good bump lately an' wud hardly tur-rn over in its sleep f'r an invasion. Out there they're beginnin' to talk about what nice people th' Chinese ar-re compared with our old frinds an' alleys. They say that th' Jap'nese grow up too fast f'r their childher, an' that 'tis no pleasant sight to see a Jap'nese pupil combin' a set iv grey whiskers an' larnin': 'Mary had a little lamb,' and if th' Prisidint wants thim to enther th' schools he'll have to load thim in a cannon an' shoot thim in."

"We'd bate thim in a fight," said Mr. Hennessy. "They cudden't stand up befure a gr-reat, sthrong nation like ours."

"We think we're gr-reat an' sthrong," said Mr. Dooley. "But maybe we on'y look fat to thim. Annyhow, we might roll on thim. Wudden't it be th' grand thing, though, if they licked us, an' we signed a threaty iv peace with thim an' with tears iv humilyation in our eyes handed thim th' Ph'lippeens!"

VI.—HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

We have received the following letter, which we commend to the attention of the authorities in the hope that they will see their way to assist our correspondent. We have before us his various discharges—from the 15th Hussars, when his conduct was described as "very good"; from the Medical Staff Corps on the termination of his first period of limited engagement; from the Imperial Yeomanry upon joining the Johannesburg District Police; upon his transfer to the Army Reserve, when his conduct and character were reported to have been "very good"; upon his discharge from the Johannesburg and Pretoria Police in June, 1902, in consequence of being invalided home, when his general conduct during the period of his service was described as "good."

> Having been a reader of JOHN BULL since it started, and seen some of the human documents, I thought I would submit my case for your kind consideration. This case will show you how a man can throw himself away in the service of his country, and get nothing for it. I will give an outline of services as briefly as possible. Early in '78 there was a war scare with Russia. I joined the Cavalry Corps, and was soon in India. War with Afghanistan had started. I went to Candahar (medal) then back to India. We were rushed off to South Africa to the Boer Rebellion, came home, purchased my discharge, October, 1881, went back into business with my father in the City, could not get on very well together, rejoined the Army in a Departmental Corps, sent to Egypt for the Nile Expedition (medal, clasp, and Khedive's Star); started up Nile with Egyptian Frontier Field Force, under Sir William Butler, and after that finished operations, came home on Reserve; sergeant; exemplary character.
>
> Men being wanted in December, 1899, I volunteered for a Corps of Yeomanry and went to South Africa, going from Bloemfontein in Lord Roberts' advance guard. After Pretoria went on to Diamond Hill, from whence my corps was sent back to police the mines round Johannesburg. After six months a regular police was formed, which I joined December, 1900. On the 5th November, 1901, I met with an accident on duty, which resulted in permanent injury, and was invalided out of the force with a gratuity of £15. Only think of the amount, and on active service, too. Since I have been back in England the last four years my life has been semi-starvation. Odd jobs when I can get them, and cadging (there is no other term for it) from my relations—who are naturally getting sick of it and are dropping off. What am I to do? Go to the workhouse? No, sir. And what about the poor wife? What a life! My left shoulder is almost useless for anything except light work, which I cannot get, and the heavy work of a butcher I can't do. I think if my case was put before the authorities I ought to get something more than that paltry £15.

Surely there is much in the writer's observation, as found in the last sentence of his letter.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

"The Old 'Un."

I did not give Mr. Cyril Maude this name, nor was it given to him in due form at baptism. I stole it: stole it from a former neighbour and confidant of mine in the Haymarket Gallery. "Mr. Emery plays and makes up very effectively as an old man," so said the late Henry Morley in his cheerfully garrulous "Journal of a London Playgoer." Miss Winifred Emery's father was one of the best imitation ancients of his generation, as Miss Winifred Emery's husband is quite the best imitation ancient of ours. The fact that a peculiarly charming actress should be the daughter of one imitation old man and marry another has about it a smack of what the lady novelists call "psychological suggestion." One scents in such a case something of that "subtle connection" beloved by the deputy-assistant reviewer of minor fiction. It is the sort of thing that learned and snuffy German persons spend their lives in probing uselessly. She did it; that is enough—it must be. Why she did it, Mr. Maude has told me himself he could never make out.

The Maudes and their Wives.

You have only to read Mr. Maude's record of the Haymarket Theatre to see that the Maudes and their wives and all that is theirs are a peculiar people. They spend their lives in doing and having done to them all sorts of queer things. For example, years ago there was a totally unknown young playwright called Bernard Shaw. He was a youth with quaint clothes and quainter views. And he wrote a play called "You Never Can Tell"; wrote it on the tops of London 'buses whilst he waited for that Social Revolution which wouldn't come off. This play was accepted by Mr. Maude and his partner. They tried hard for months together to produce it, but they never did. I don't believe that Mr. Shaw or Mr. Maude or Mr. Harrison could tell us why. The simple circumstance, however, is history. So is the subsequent rise and glory of the Great Dramatist ("Shakespeare's only rival"), commercially discovered by Mr. Maude, but never exploited by him. So is the fact that Mr. James Welch made a reputation out of the rôle that Mr. Maude was to have played—the rôle of William the Waiter; and so is the success of the play more recently in America and at Chelsea.

The Playhouse and the Supper-Beer.

Again, Mr. Maude dreams dreams and sees visions of management and fortune at the Avenue Theatre. Within a month or so down upon his renovated property falls a leading railway station. When, at long last, Mr. Maude does secure his own Playhouse—the prettiest little theatre in the world—he behaves in a disgracefully unusual fashion. He opens it with an irresponsible Prologue, which is really a dialogue, and a much-used play that has been running for many days elsewhere. It was his plain duty to the public, of course, to present a brand-new piece with only two really good parts in it: one for himself and one for his wife. If Mr. Maude continues as he has begun, the noble name of actor-manager will be dragged irretrievably in the mire; its significance will be lost. All actor-managers whose wives cannot act, but think they can, are compelled to give these ladies a show. Our theatrical state will be lamentable indeed if the actor-managers with wives who can act, and are modest about it, banish them to the dull joys of domesticity—or send them on tour. Mr. Maude has taken a laudable part in his protest against the intrusion of the Press upon the home-life of the actor. As he well says, the public cannot revere as they should, or be thrilled as they ought, by the mummer whom they have seen passing the cold beef or drawing the supper-beer. He has taken up the astounding position for a man of his profession that the relations of himself and his wife, personal and otherwise, are primarily their own concern. I am one of the very few playgoers who will grant this proposition. Yet even I should be willing to see a little more of Miss Emery on the London stage. In sweet English feminine rôles she stands with Marion and Miss Ellen Terry in a class apart. Illness no doubt has accounted for much, but not for all, of her absence from the footlights in recent years. At His Majesty's Theatre not so long ago, and at the Playhouse in the week now passing, she has reminded us again how delightful and gifted an artist she is.

The Afternoon Play.

The Playhouse appearance was of especial interest, because it was made in a new play by a new playwright in a new series. Mr. Maude has reinvented the Afternoon Theatre in central London. It was tried formerly by Mr. Curzon at the Strand with no success, except a *succès d'estime;* it has been tried latterly at the Court with dis-

tinction, and, I trust, also with pecuniary profit. During my afternoons off in the future I hope to see the old 'un frequently in new plays by the young 'uns, and with him always his talented and *sympathique* wife.

An Amusing Beggar.

Mr. Maude's new departure recalls a story of the opening week of his joint-management at the Haymarket, where the Maude-Harrison tenancy, it will be remembered, followed on that of Mr. Tree—who had just built His Majesty's Theatre, and opened it in style across the way. During Mr. Tree's term at the Haymarket a very repellent beggar used to hang about the stage door every evening, and was generally relieved by the manager. Messrs. Harrison and Maude thought this beggar a humbug, and after repeatedly requesting him to keep away, Mr. Maude sent word to him that unless he cleared off voluntarily he would make him go. "Very well," replied the vagrant, with great dignity, "if you insist, it shall be so. But I'll tell you *this*, my fine boy. I'll go over to Mr. Tree's again; he's a gent., and knows another gent. when he sees one. *Never judge a sausage by its overcoat.*" They did, however; and Mr. Tree's unamiable old pensioner again threw himself upon the generous largess of his former benefactor.

Financiers on the Stage.

The ordinary playgoer—usually a woman and not a very intelligent sort of woman at that—construes romance in terms of Ouida or Miss Braddon or Annie S. Swan. Plays that do otherwise stand small chance of becoming great financial successes, although they will pay their way well enough if sufficiently good, as either invention or literature, to draw the intellectual classes, or sufficiently bad to attract the scum. However, it is the romantic play, of the type suggested above, with or without "costume" and shiny swords, that captures the usual woman playgoer. She knows nothing, or next to nothing, of that real romance which makes the wheels go round—the romance of commerce and finance, the romance of science and daily life at the centre of things. So that most of the plays staged in London which dealt with men who were great men (rather than great lovers), men of action, of scientific, or business achievement, have failed. The most notable of these plays were those based on Norris's stories of the Wheat Pit and "The Lion and the Mouse," suggested by the attacks of Miss Ida Tarbell on Standard Oil. The latter was a very good play, acted finely, staged at the Duke of York's, and —there is humour in this!—backed by all the Frohman resources, and with the sister-in-law of Charles as the leading lady. Yet the run lasted just a week! The Jews in the stalls did not want to see the same sort of trick played at night in the theatre that they played every day in the "Street," and more artfully. They did not think it worth their half-guinea. The pit and the rest failed to understand the play at all; and, in the true British way, they didn't try to. What do the intrigues of rival American market manipulators matter to the Cockney—although they double the price of his low-flash oil? Now, at the St. James's, we have another play that touches on finance. It is written by a Mincing Lane Hebrew—as "The Lion and the Mouse" was written by a Yankee Hebrew. But Mr. Sutro is smarter than his American predecessor in many ways; and it seems possible that "John Glayde's Honour" will be a big success.

Trades Unionism among the Actors.

All the best managers in due course will support the Actors' Union as all the best employers in other trades approve generally, if occasionally they conflict with, the unions in their various industries. Now and then the unions go too far, but they do so less seldom than the more unscrupulous employers would go, if left to their own devices. Organisation is better always than anarchy. With employers and employés organised in bodies capable of meeting one another on something like equal terms, the conduct of great industries is made more regular and freed from many excesses and dangers latent in casual strikes and isolated arrangements. The well-conducted union brings up not merely the standard of wages, but the standard of duty among the workers. It helps the employers by suppressing their greatest enemy the sweater. So may it be in the case of the Actors' Union. A minimum wage of £2 per week during engagements does not impress as extravagant those of us who read the fairy-tales in the papers about Miss So-and-So's enormous salary. Payment for rehearsals, another point in the Union's programme, is an equally moderate demand. The stage is the only profession in which this anomalous tax on labour would have been tolerated half so long. The Actors' Union, judged by its first moves, is well-officered, and likely to be very useful. I wish it luck.

P.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

FOOD FOR NERVES AND MUSCLES.

A number of conflicting theories have from time to time been advanced as to what really constitutes the life of the system. It is only in recent years that it has been generally recognised that this mysterious force is electricity. There are numerous cases on record where life has been restored to apparently inanimate bodies through the application of an electric current. Cases of drowning and also suffocation from gas have been restored in this way. Some of these were so far gone that life seemed entirely extinct, but so long as there are the slightest signs of animation left, an electric current, properly applied, will restore it and bring the patient back to robust health.

It is not hard to understand that if electricity will restore life to the entire body, it is an easy matter for it to give strength, vim, and vigour to any of its nerves, muscles, or organs. The claim is made that no weakness or disease could exist if the various parts of the body possessed sufficient force to respond to Nature's calls. The lack of this energy destroys the perfect harmony that should exist in the human structure, and we have Nervousness, Insomnia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Rheumatic Troubles, Lame Back, Stomach, Kidney, Liver, Bowel, and Bladder Complaints, various forms of weakness, etc., all of which electricity will completely and permanently cure.

Everybody who uses the "Ajax" Battery endorses it. It gives no trouble, as it is always charged and ready for use, and will give out its life element immediately that it is applied to the body. That produces animation, vivacity, and unlimited energy. Such results recently induced a user to say of it, "I never saw anything like the 'Ajax' to put life into you."

There is a book on this subject you ought to read. It costs you nothing, and the knowledge it contains will be worth a great deal to you. Simply ask The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., to send it. It contains 80 pages of illustrations and interesting matter. If you can call at the office you will be given a free test.—(ADVT.)

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HALF LATER. ARE WHAT I CHARGE.

Before ordering a cycle, get a quotation from me—the stupendous reductions I make will astound you. I offer you the pick of the market, giving you greater value for less money than anyone else.
I sell ALL the leading Coventry makes — ROVERS, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPHS, PREMIERS, HUMBERS, PROGRESS, CENTAURS, ENFIELDS and RINGERS, on Easy Terms, at Pounds below Makers' and Agents' Prices. RUDGE-WHITWORTHS as low as £5. Motor Cycles at cut prices. See my Lists before you buy.
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WRITE FOR FREE LISTS TO-DAY

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STOCK EXCHANGE JARGON

All Technicalities fully explained in the new

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A POLICE CONSTABLE'S REWARD.

A few days ago, when in conversation with a Police Constable, we touched upon the topic of the rewards advertised and given for vigilance and perseverance. He recounted some amusing incidents which had occurred during his career as a policeman. In one instance a "substantial reward" was offered for the capture of the thief who had stolen a few boxes of choice cigars—and the return of the goods. On the return of the goods the reward tendered was three cigars, and this after several days' time had been put on the case.

My friend was inclined to argue that nearly all rewards offered were of about the same value as the one just cited, but I was able to point out to him a case in which the reward was of a far different character, and as the incident also concerned a P.C. he was greatly interested in the narrative which follows, and I am sure it would be of equal interest to you.

About 12 years ago P.C. John Cousins (Devon Constabulary, A Division), Bratton Fleming, North Devon, was lifting a heavy weight when he suddenly slipped, and caused a strain which eventually developed into a severe scrotal rupture. He was unable to obtain a satisfactory truss, to say nothing of a cure, until he learned of the Rice Method. He was given to understand that it would require perseverance in following instructions—not a half-hearted effort, but an earnest one. He did persevere, and the result was a perfect cure which enabled him to dispense entirely with a truss—and he has since experienced no trouble from his rupture.

His case is similar to that of hundreds of other ruptured people who have also been cured by this same treatment. If you are willing to persevere in the treatment for a short time and have an earnest desire to be cured, you should write for particulars of this treatment to Wm. S. Rice, R.S., Ltd., 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C. We understand they will send a sample treatment free for a limited time if you mention "John Bull" when writing or calling. Even if you do not use the treatment, the details of their method will interest you and you should not fail to obtain them.

[ADVT.

FLESH REDUCTION
NEW METHOD.

Corpulency cured. The body made symmetrical without Dieting, Drugs or Concoctions. Hips and Abdomen reduced from two to six inches by the Clease System in a few weeks.

Typical Middle Age.

All Superfluous Flesh round the Abdomen and Hips can be easily removed by a series of prescribed bodily movements of an interesting and exhilarating nature, the practice of which will take up but a few minutes per day.

A distinct and conspicuous improvement is apparent in less than one week, and a reduction of from four to six inches around the abdomen can be obtained in the short period of from six to eight weeks. The system was originated entirely by Mr. F. Meredith Clease, Ph.L.D., of 74, New Bond Street, London, W., late Director of Exercises to Haileybury College, etc. It was only after nearly twenty years of practical experience that he was able to improve his system, so that it could physically perfect the body in any direction desired. This method is especially advantageous in fat reduction, and is superior to all other methods that aim at this object. Once the effects of the Clease method have been felt, it is impossible for the body ever to lose its beauty, fitness or symmetrical proportions.

Further, Mr. Clease is so confident of the efficacy of his treatment that he is prepared to refund your full fees, if satisfactory results are not obtained.

FREE AN INSTRUCTIVE AND INTERESTING BOOK OF 96 PAGES.

172.

Put a mark X against any of the following in regard to which you desire special improvement.

Round Shoulders.
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Head stoop.
Protruding Abdomen
Incurved Back.
Constipation.
Indigestion.
Ungainly Walk.
Superfluous Flesh.
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*Is your Figure or Health imperfect in any way not mentioned?
*Occupation.
*What is your Age?
Sex.

CUT THIS OUT. POST TO ME.

Mr. Clease has prepared an exhaustive treatise upon his method. It is full of just the information you may require. Just cut out the Coupon, marking it as asked. This is requested of you in order that serious enquirers can sufficiently judge the merits of the method. Mr. Clease will also send to you a letter of personal advice. Nothing will be charged for either and they will both be sent post free. All correspondence will be treated in the most strictly confidential manner.

Consultations Gratis. Kindly Call if possible.

F. MEREDITH CLEASE, Ph.L.D., 74, New Bond St. LONDON.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

H. J. M. (Clapton) says that being a regular 'bus rider he often indulges in a chat with the conductors, and is more than surprised to hear of a grievance they are at present suffering under. It appears that if any of their number apply for a situation on either the London County Council trams or motor 'buses the fact of having been employed by the London General Omnibus Company is quite sufficient to cause them to be immediately passed over for the next candidate. In fact, they go so far as to say that no London General Omnibus Company man has been taken on. He thinks it hard lines that such a hard working and sober class should fail to gain employment at the hands of those who are driving their means of livelihood off the roads. So do we—if it is really true. We will look into the matter.

MOTOR (Manchester).—Do not join the school in question. Go to a local garage or polytechnic.

J. H. S. (Stockwell). It was our little joke—we were pulling your leg. What business is it of ours if people care to gamble? Life is a gamble, and marriage is a lottery.

J. T. W. (Lancaster).—The work will assist you.

GRIFF (Barmouth).—Send your proper address and name, and your letter shall have attention.

W. M. K. (Dublin) wishes to know the best way of backing horses so as to be a winner at the end of the week. We wish we could tell him.

F. H. M. (London).—The story is certainly a bit mixed, but the subject is too ghastly to joke about.

C. H. W. (Newport).—Unless there is a trustworthy dealer in your town, you must bring your "old master" up to London. Where and when did you come across it? What name is on it? And what is the subject? Is it landscape or life? If you can't make out, it is probably valuable.

A. G. M. (Liverpool) says General Booth *is* going to New York. *Is* he? He adds that we should not criticise unless we have a practical remedy. We have.

A. A. P. (Llanelly) sends us an advertisement from the *Cambria Leader* for a lost dog, and stating that "the detainer will be prosecuted." Taffy asks, with great naïveté, "Is this the way to encourage honesty?" Has he got that dog?

If J. R. W. (Wylam-on-Tyne) who recently wrote us about translating work will communicate with Mr. E. Linstead, 15, Station Avenue, Winchmore Hill, London, he may "hear something to his advantage."

E. D. (Westerham).—We are sure that if you write to Mr. W. A. Vincent, one of the directors of Gamage's, marking your letter "private," your complaint will receive attention.

CWRNBWRLA (Swansea) is short-sighted, and asks us whether he should pay three guineas for a wonderful "Eye Exerciser," invented by a "Mr. Williams, of Birkenhead." Of course, he shouldn't. He must be *very* short-sighted indeed if he can't see through Mr. Williams. Then he wants to know whether Clement's Safety Razors are toys. We advise him not to play with them.

A READER (London) notices that in the appropriation accounts there is an item of £77 for "marriage gratuity to female warder at Holloway," and he asks, "If Mary Ann got married—what would *she* get?" Probably six months.

L. J. W. (Brockley) asks if any man is eligible to become a Freemason, and, if so, what is the mode of procedure and the expense. As good masons, we see no objection to disclose the fact that any man may join a masonic lodge if he can get a member to propose him. If he doesn't know one, he should communicate with us, who will put him in the right way. The expense varies with different lodges—from shillings to pounds. L. J. W. also wants to know the "advantages" of being a mason. *That* we must leave him to find out. It is a great secret—and always will be.

A READER (London) is amused at a circular letter he has received from Lyons and Co. about the forthcoming Franco-British Exhibition. They believe that "it will in every way both strengthen the friendship between the two nations, and be the means of furthering their commercial interests." And then they add, "You will be glad to learn that we have been appointed refreshment contractors to the exhibition." What price *that*, for a non-sequitur?

IN VIEW of the number of enquiries we have received regarding the Pelman School of Memory, 4, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., we have carefully investigated its genuineness, and have no hesitation in advising such of our readers as desire to strengthen their memories to undergo a course of lessons. Such course lasts on an average about six weeks, but in one or two exceptional cases it has been taken in a week. We have not the space—nor indeed would it be right—to fully explain the methods adopted, but may say that it consists in strengthening the observation, and at the same time trains the memory—not, as with the old systems, based on mnemonics, using the imagination to do the memory's work, thus destroying whatever of natural memory there may have been at the start of the lessons. The many testimonials from clergymen, doctors, schoolmasters, and commercial men show in what a wide and enlightened field the Pelman system has been appreciated.

"FEARFUL" (Muswell Hill) received a circular from the "Art Supply Company," 48, Edgware Road, offering homework in the shape of the "colouring and beautifying of fine art prints, postcards, etc.," and having a son and daughter capable of doing such work, took the wise precaution, before going further, of asking the Art Supply Company to mention the names of some of the persons who were working for them, to which the reply came that there was no one in that neighbourhood. "Fearful" has saved himself a little money and a great deal of annoyance.

T. W. H. P. (Birmingham) would like the name of a correspondent signing himself "S.," for the purpose of giving him wrinkles in roulette systems. We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of introduction. We know those systems.

"BILL SIKES" (Armley) wishes, on behalf of the members of his profession, to thank the Leeds Watch Committee for exhibiting in the windows of one of the leading photographers a group containing the portraits, with names attached, of all the local detectives. Mr. Sikes thinks this information invaluable to him and his colleagues. We do not suppose the Watch Committee are in any way responsible, but it is just the sort of thing that the average provincial detective would do.

T. B. (London) sends us a copy of a declaration which has to be made by all applicants for employment in the Salvation Army. It is much more elaborate than any proposal for life insurance we have ever seen, covering no less than four foolscap pages, and here are some of the questions. "When and where were you converted? Have you ever been a backslider; if so, how long—why—date of your restoration. Do you understand that you may be required to work long and irregular hours? Will you pay your own travelling expenses if we decide to receive you on trial? Did you ever use intoxicating drink? Did you ever use tobacco or snuff?" But the gem of all is—"Make your application for this appointment a matter of earnest prayer." It would be interesting to know the percentage of applications refused every year. It must be very great, and is not calculated to inspire confidence in the efficacy of prayer.

"VERITAS" (West Bromwich) sends us a cutting, from which it appears that a suicide has been the direct result of one of Edison's swindling "horoscopes." We ask again, where are the American police?

J. A. (Edinburgh).—We cannot find any trace of the *Electro-Metallurgist*, or of a London publishing firm named Brock and Co.

J. L. L. (Hampstead).—An Act fixing the minimum cab fare at 6d. came into operation on July 11th, 1853, and another Act changing the minimum to 1s., was passed on August 20th, 1867. Upon both occasions there was a strike!

A. J. G. (Finsbury Park) saw an advertisement for a dispatch clerk at a salary of "about 30s. per week," and accordingly wrote to the Empire Mercantile Employment Agency, 158, Fenchurch Street, E.C. He received a reply that they could assist him to get suited on his agreeing to pay 1s. in advance on account of their expenses, and half his first week's wages, when received. They obviously had not the vacancy advertised, and it is a flat-catching trap.

"LANCASTRIAN" (whose business card discloses the fact that he is qualified to speak upon the subject) agrees with us that it is of little use for would-be advertisement writers to take courses of lessons on the subject, he having more than once seen ad. writers advertised for, with the barring clause added. "Students of advertising colleges need not apply." He himself learned all he wanted to learn in less than a week from a practical printer, who was delighted to unravel as many technicalities as were necessary for half a sovereign.

J. W. C. (Birmingham).—We quite agree that these money-lenders' circulars do harm—especially when they come from irresponsible touts.

H. S. sends us an amusing cutting from the *News of the World*, of February 17th, in which, by a printer's error, we are told that the Vicar of Pirton, Herts, and his parishioners, having decided to themselves undertake the restoration of the parish church, "the work was commenced yesterday afternoon, the Vicar energetically assisting in the carting of"—and then comes—"Suffragists and the Police."

R. H. (Clapton) protests against having been charged 6d. for an alleged programme at the Chopin Recital at the Crystal Palace, such programme consisting simply of the repertoire of the artist, and advertisements of forthcoming events. Almost as big a sell as *Witty-Cur's Almanack!*

H. M. (Hove).—Thanks for cutting. We have dealt with the matter.

A. E. S. (Langsite).—Thanks for cutting, but if we began awarding biscuits to Yankee pullers of the long bow we should soon be out of stock.

J. M. (Stamford Hill).—We are not judges of antiques, and would advise you to show your pair of bronze horses to a respectable dealer. You say each of them weighs 84lbs. This compares favourably with some of the old crocks in our own stable. Will you swap for a couple of real live steeplechasers? We warrant that they are genuine antiques.

"TULLINS" (London).—We are afraid we cannot advise you.

"SENEX" (Bournemouth), who is a medical man, advises our correspondent, "J. B." to write to T. Carr, 37, Station Road, Willesden Junction, for the book he requires, and he approves of our advice to another correspondent to consult his doctor before using an electric belt.

"JOAN" (Bishopsgate).—You are subtle, as well as sweet. We give up your conundrum.

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LIPTON'S TEA

The Finest the World can Produce.

Tea Merchants

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

GOLD MEDAL ST. LOUIS.

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BUY FROM THE GROWERS.
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.
NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

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RANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEAS

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

"Bullite" (Harringay) answered an advertisement in the *Daily Chronicle* for "Man and wife as housekeepers in a City warehouse," and got a letter from the "Empire Mercantile Agency," of 158, Fenchurch Street, E.C., asking for £1 on account, to be returned if a suitable situation was not found within a month. Who are the Empire Mercantile Agency? They say they are a "Registered City Corporation." Registered where? At Stubbs'?

P. C. S. (Goodmayes) is not impressed with the reality of the much vaunted politeness of foreigners. He recently had occasion to visit the Mexican Consulate in London—hence these tears.

Tommy the Truthful (Oxted).—You are quite right. We can't give the *Daily Mail all* our biscuits.

Quo Vadis (Willesden) *apropos* our reference to the hypocrisy of Mr. Nicolls' Sunday Closing resolution, asks us "How would *you* like to work seven days a week?" Poor, simple Quo Vadis! We do more than that—we work seven days and seven nights. As regards the churches being empty, he asks us to give Dr. Clifford and Father Vaughan a visit! Ingenuous Quo Vadis! Is it only the big "stars" who "draw"? Did he read the Census of Sunday worshippers taken a few years ago?

Caberfeido (Grantown).—An Act of Parliament can compel anything, but there is no fear of Volunteers, who have been recruited under the old conditions, being put under obligation for foreign service. Glad to hear that the "Lass o' Killekrankie" loves us. Yes, we are married, but that needn't stand in the way.

H. G. (Birmingham).—Sorry you wrote us, aren't you?

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY.

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For short or long periods, in town or country, on Note of Hand, Without Surety or Security. Repayments to suit clients' convenience. No inquiry fees. Strictest privacy. Interviews unnecessary. Cash sent by post. Bills discounted.

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Have you nervous pain.—Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache? Its cure is ZOX, and the time taken—minutes. You prove this on our free offer. Send stamped addressed envelope, and we will send you two powders FREE. You get to know the value of this harmless remedy at our expense.—*Mention "John Bull."*

Of all Chemists, at 1/- & 2/6 per box, or post free from The ZOX Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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by all who make their selections from H. SAMUEL'S 200 page Catalogue, sent post free.

Write to-day—*H. SAMUEL, 100, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.*

178, Strand, W.C.

Fifty London & Provincial Branches.

25/- 32/6

W. H. P. (Newcastle-on-Tyne) wonders whether Arnold and Wood, Turf Commission Agents, of The Hague, are in any way connected with Arnold and Butler, the "outside brokers" of London. We hope not. W. H. P. should give them both a miss.

P. C. (Hackney).—We advise you to have nothing to do with the Hackney Mutual Tea scheme. Remember the Nelson lesson.

P. A. W. (Swindon).—You have misread the conditions of the Corresponding College, Fishponds, Bristol. They distinctly state that the money is not returned under the circumstances you mention.

F. J. W. (Whitley Bay).—We cannot tell you whether 1864 pennies are worth more than their face value. At any rate, so far as we are concerned, they are worth one John Bull apiece.

R. S. (Forest Gate).—We quite agree that it is no use tampering further with the Irish question, and have sent you a full report of a speech we recently delivered on the subject.

E. H. B. (Tottenham) was at the Herts Assizes at the trial of that poacher, and denies that Mr. Justice Bucknill wept. What fibs some of the newspapers do tell!

An Old Vestryman (Croydon).—The matter is one for your local member. We are under the impression that the nine feet tramway margin is subject, in special cases, to modification.

R. A. G. (Catford) thinks our paper is "going down." It is—splendidly. R. A. G. doesn't like "the silly gibberish of Mr. Dooley!" In short, R. A. G. seems to think that we shall soon have to be described by his own initials. Still, we are not downhearted.

S. D. S. (Folkestone).—We quite agree with you that if prosecutions for blasphemy are to be revived (and the law has not been altered) the authors of that "Jesus and Co." circular, and other "Christian" effusions, would have a bad time of it.

D. D. D. (Falkirk).—Warner Oliver says he *is* genuine. Give him a trial, and let us know the result.

Constant Reader wants to know the "cheapest wholesale stationery house." What does he want to buy?

E. D. (Kilburn) sends us an advertisement from the *Daily Chronicle* for a butcher "for round and factory; hours 4.30 a.m. till finished." Perhaps the hours sound longer than they really are.

W. R. (Penzance) advertised for an old book, and sent the lowest price asked, to an address which turns out to be a letter-receiving shop. And of course the money has gone. We have serious thoughts of introducing a measure prohibiting the letting of shops, etc., for postal purposes.

J. McK. (Pontypridd) isn't satisfied with our answer in a recent issue to "Unconvinced." We took the case of an old-established business employing a thousand hands, and of a competitor setting up next door with two hands. At the end of the year we assumed that the new-comer took on an extra hand, and the old firm an extra hundred hands; and we mentioned that in one case the increase was fifty per cent., and in the other it was ten per cent. Now, J. McK. wants to know how the two businesses will compare at the end of another fifty years if the rate of progression be maintained? Let us see. At the end of the next year the new firm would have four men and a half, so that won't do. No, J. McK., the assumption is an absurd one. Let the new firm get on, by all means, but if the old one can add ten per cent. to its business every year, the partners will have no cause for suicide.

R. B. (Birmingham) is anxious about Jim Crow—wonders if he has got mixed up with those Hadleigh Farm pigs, and thinks that the old story about the Yorkshire boy might help some of our readers to find him. "Is your father at home"? asked the visitor. "No, you'll find 'e in pig-sty—you'll know 'e— 'e's got 'at on." But Jim never wears a hat.

F. J. S. (West Ealing) asks why some of our features are gradually growing less. Mental exhaustion.

"A Hard-Working Father" objects strongly to lady insurance canvassers, and thinks it is giving young girls and wives a fine excuse for being out late at night. What about the young men and husbands? How often are they "kept at the office" or "detained on important business"?

"Flossie" (Crouch Hill) wishes to know whether our postcards are actually sent to the persons to whom they are addressed. Of course they are!

"Pally Pat" (Dulwich).—Thanks for congratulations and verses. You are a good chap, but a bad poet.

"Energetic" (Ilford).—Thanks for suggestion, but our advertising arrangements are complete for the moment.

T. S. (Sidcup).—We are informed that one of the terms of the competition was that all stories submitted could be published by the editor of the paper, the only payment made being to the prize-winners.

We have received the following postcard:—

Charcfror 27, 1907.

Anwyl "Shon Tarw,"—

Dymrniadau gwresocaf a Uwyddiant diderfyn ir golygydd yn nghyd ai holl gydweithwyr oddcwrth dau edmygydd e Gymru gerllaw Cwmrhydyceirw. "Dear Sant a Chymru am byth."

We quite agree. We do not, however, like being addressed as "Golygydd, Newyddiadur, Ioan Tarw."

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

BY W. LOTINGA.

["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

Flat Racing.

The season opened with its customary briskness, realising everybody's keen anticipation all round. If we could only foresee what sort of year, speculatively, it is going to be, one might not be so joyous at the nominal close of the jumping season. Anyhow now there will be runners galore, and prices at which one is able—if finding the right one—to "get out." It will not be 5 to 4 against, or odds on, nearly every time.

Knew Too Late.

All racegoers—even the active forces—are superstitious, and J. Phillips—the steeplechase jockey, now a trainer—avers that he would not have ridden Prince Tuscan, who gave him such a terrible fall just two years ago at Rugby, had he known beforehand of the unlucky incident which happened en route to the course, with Mr. "Colwyn" (the owner) and Chris. Waller (the horse's trainer). In fact, all declare that, had they been cognisant that when driving out the dropping from the vehicle of a colour bag had led to the breaking of a looking-glass which it contained, they would not have let the horse run.

Prophetic.

Rumour and gossip must be the main guide to the few bets that one should have during the early weeks, and depending solely on such SUCCOUR is named with some diffidence as the probable winner of to-day's (Thursday) Liverpool Cup. The only form which we know anything about is that in the jumping events at Liverpool, if he is all right, MOUNT PROSPECT II. should certainly win Saturday's Hurdle Handicap.

The Grand National.

The lotteries of steeplechasing are increased tenfold in to-morrow's contest, owing to the exceptionally poor class of the competitors—full two stone worse than last year. Throughout the winter the same troop of these National starters have been beating each other in turn for £100 steeplechases at all the suburban gatherings, so that when they meet over the stiff Aintree country simply anything might happen. There can be no direct line as to form or probabilities. Eremon is, to my mind, an utterly false favourite, for he has always been an extremely moderate horse. When he won at Newbury he beat absolutely nothing, and had all the best of the weights. Two trivial victories of late have proved nothing whatever. Further, when Centre Board beat him at Birmingham his jumping was execrable, for he was on his head and knees at every other fence, and finally did fall. Despite Couthwaites' cleverness, I cannot realise that such a horse will get round the Liverpool course, or, anyhow, is a justifiable 7 to 1 favourite. Up to three miles Timothy Titus would be my pick, but he seems a rank non-stayer beyond that distance.

In contrast, such extraordinary moderate animals but big jumpers as Extravagance and Barabbas II. might have a look in. Yet the public running point to two horses as standing out by themselves, and each, strangely enough, is under a cloud. I refer to Red Lad, whose Windsor performance was perhaps not brilliant but points to his physical improvement, since his last year's second, and Wolf's Folly, who put in a really stylish performance at Sandown, and has also previously got the course. This can be said of very few others, excepting the veteran, Drumcree, who must surely be quite an "old man" now, and another that has been in retirement for long through unsoundness—Hercules II. Writing several days in advance, it is most dan-

We are reminded of the well-managed business of Mr. D. M. Gant, 25, Conduit Street, London, W., by the receipt of a handsome pocket book bound in scarlet leather, gilt-edged, and with neat contrivances and useful contents that go to make it a handy companion. Mr. Gant is an institution. He has survived the common vicissitudes of a trying business, and those who deal with him should have no cause for dissatisfaction. He has been established many years, and he himself is a well-known member of Tattersalls' Subscription Rooms, which is a testimonial that requires no further recommendation. Mr. Gant was the originator of the "No Limit" system, that is to say, he was the first turf accountant to pay his clients the full odds betted against a horse. Write for a copy of the diary. Free to all clients.

"Fagged."

BY A PELMAN STUDENT, M.A. OXON., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

It has been said that the progress of the world can be traced more accurately in the pages of the dictionary than in even the most elaborate volume ever written on political economy, social or economic history. Such a statement has, of course, its limitations, but, in the main, it may be taken as fairly representative of fact. It is certainly true that modern conditions have led to the introduction into our language of new words unknown to our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. A case in point is the word "fag," with its derivations, "fagged," "fagging." With the growth of modern methods and, above all, of modern pressure in life, there has sprung up a state of mind and body which is recognised under the expressive word "fagged" in every quarter of the globe where the English tongue is spoken. Our ancestors grew "tired," they became "weary," but a personal experience of "fag" has been reserved for those who live in our own times. What is this "fag" of which we hear on every side? It is not a result of mere work, for our forefathers perhaps in some instances worked as hard as we ourselves work to-day. "Fag" is the effect of hard work coupled with almost ceaseless anxiety—anxiety which, in the case of ninety-nine people out of every hundred, is inseparable from the environment of life in the twentieth century. With increase of population, with the constant attack of competition from within and without, with the raised standard of education among all classes, with mechanical inventions and scientific discovery, has come an enormous additional pressure on the brain of every individual taking part in the active struggle for existence. The pressure on the individual brain has increased a hundredfold during the past century, but the strength of the brain has not developed in anything like the same proportion. This is due not to the fact that the human brain is incapable of development, but to the fact that the proper study of the subject of strengthening the brain has been neglected. What the ultimate results of advancing civilisation may be upon the higher faculties it is impossible to predict, but it is quite certain that the human brain can be trained to stand a strain infinitely greater than that imposed upon it by even the most exacting of present circumstances. The central function of the brain is remembering, and if memory is properly trained, the whole brain is at the same time developed and strengthened. For attaining this end several means have from time to time been devised, the best and most successful being probably that known as the Pelman System of Memory Training.* With the aid that such a system affords, strain on the thinking and reasoning and remembering faculties is reduced to a minimum, thereby setting free a reserve of brain-power to deal with other mental activities as well as to control the more material physical side of life. It is one of the prevalent mistakes almost universal among our own generation that, in seeking the end, men neglect a proper study of the means. If only the men and women of the twentieth century would realise that the one and only means to every worldly end is the brain, and would devote a little attention to the training of the brain under experienced guidance, they would find the world a very different place to live in.

* *The Pelman System of Memory Training is taught*

Privately, in Classes, and by Correspondence.

Call or write for particulars.

CLASSES COMMENCE EVERY MONDAY

Afternoon Classes at 3. Evening Classes at 8.

Descriptive Pamphlet Post Free—Address,

C. L. PELMAN, 15, Wenham House,

Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

gerous and difficult to make choice, under all circumstances, but, assuming that the market endorses their well-being, I can still see nothing to beat

WOLF'S FOLLY,

with Red Lad the danger; and should either crack up, substitute Barabbas II. as a real genuine long shot. Anyhow, I should not counsel betting until on the very day.

Important to Backers.

I have always realised that it is nearly as difficult for hundreds of little backers—and very much more important—to find a safe bookie who will "pay up" as it is to "find" winners. My drastic articles upon this subject, and my warnings to backers must be pretty well known, seeing what a huge weekly correspondence I get on this topic. In further endeavouring to HELP my readers—especially followers—I will gladly answer any reasonable query—in confidence and without guarantee—concerning any firm of bookmakers—giving my opinion (and experience) as to whom you may bet with and the MANY you MUSTN'T deal with. It is a positive fact that nine out of ten of the advertising—especially circularising—"S.P. merchants" are swindlers—and one half of the small remainder are only "straight-ish"—that is, will pay SOME people under certain circumstances if there is no loophole or excuse. My chief aim is to prevent backers finding out the "stumers" AFTER they have backed winners. How many do, after paying when they lose for weeks, and how mortifying is it! But what can you do? The law protects and fosters these cliques of villains, whilst their great safeguard is that most of their victim-clients dare not move, owing to their position. The only preventative is to be sure of your bookie BEFORE you bet; specious circulars, swagger stationery, or even an advertisement in a reputable paper is not the slightest guarantee of two things—a firm's solvency, or honest intentions. The latter is really the most important, for lots of the biggest rogues trading—namely, having "receiving" offices—have plenty of money, but they only pay a trifle as "bait."

My plan.

With the assent of the proprietors, these all-important matters are to be entirely in my hands, and I will do the utmost to save backers their money and help those who will help themselves. Apart from giving personal advice by correspondence—which has become so voluminous—it will save a lot of inquiry and replies if this page is made a perfect directory for backers. Thus they can be assured that they may deal with ANY FIRM WHOSE ADVERTISEMENT APPEARS IN THIS PAPER. The scrutiny will be of the very closest, and NO advertisement will be accepted—as is usually the case even with the leading issues, because the firms—anxious to "get in"—will pay any exorbitant prices demanded. Thus the proprietors of newspapers who OUGHT to protect their readers are really aiding their being fleeced because of the trifling benefit to their own profits. Pretty "hot" statements, I trow—but how TRUE! In this regard the country papers are villainous; they accept anybody, and even include giving the firms laudatory articles to quote; it is from the country that the swindlers get all their "mugs"—many of them won't even bet with Londoners, who are supposedly too wideawake. Pray do not ALL write me at once, even to inquire whether the man you "do" with now is all right. He may seem so as long as you keep on losing or only win a "little." But the day may come when you may win "something worth having," and then "it doesn't suit him to pay"—a very frequent occurrence. You don't want to discover then, too late, that all the time you have been "paymaster-general" you never stood any real chance of winning anything substantial. Many firms are living (at high rates) upon what they receive, and cannot, even if they would, settle when that invariable "bad week" comes. It is so useful to "owe" it in one name, and then start afresh on the SAME clients in a new one. I have gone through the mill, and once when doing the thing of a lifetime—bringing off a Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire "double"—didn't get the money. First excuse and then the usual abuse was forthcoming, but that man never ceased trading, and is still circularising and still advertising (where they will take him) to let others in. Thousands have had similar aggravating experiences, hence my warning and keenness upon protecting them. In a final word, watch these pages, and bet with—and ONLY with—those firms whose advertisements appear in them.

TOPPING & SPINDLER,
Flushing, Holland.

The OLDEST ESTABLISHED & MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM TURF COMMISSION AGENTS in the WORLD.

City and Suburban Handicap. Chester Cup. Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes. The Derby, &c.

Double and Treble Events, S.P., and Accumulatives at S.P.,

NO COMMISSION on Small Investments at S P.

The Continental Sportsman, containing latest market movements on above, also Year Book and Ready Reckoner, sent free on receipt of Foreign Post Card containing name and address.

ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—

TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

JAMES WEBSTER,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

LINCOLN HANDICAP, GRAND NATIONAL, &c.

THE TURF CHRONICLE, sent free on receipt of address. Double and Treble Events.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED on Starting Price Investments.

Bankers:— England—London and Westminster Bank, London. Scotland—Bank of Scotland, Glasgow. Ireland—Bank of Ireland, Dublin.

Postage 2½d. Postcards 1d.

ESTABLISHED IN 1848.

ROBERT MASTERS, CROOK AND CO.
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Our Pocket Book for 1907 is now ready, and will be forwarded free on receipt of address.

CHARLES LEVY,
28, REGENT ST., S.W.

Telegraphic Address: "Forejudge, London."

Telephones:
3615 Gerrard, 4190 Central.

Telegraphic Address: "Irishman, London."
Telephone: No. 5072 Gerrard.

E. C. IRISH,
7, ARGYLL STREET, W.

W. G. MORTIMER,
51, LEXINGTON STREET,
REGENT STREET, W.

Bijou Terms. Particulars Free.

Established 1876.

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Telegraphic Address is
"Plastering, London."

TRACE AND PERCY,
15, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.

Every description of business undertaken. Advantageous terms post free on Application.

"LARRY LYNX," in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes our success to straightforwardness and accuracy.

A. HEATHORN,
51, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

Accounts opened on approved references.

Telephones: 4171 Gerrard, and 11220 Central.
Telegraphic Address: Fretting, London.

THOMAS HENRY DEY,
TURF COMMISSION AGENT,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

The most advantageous Terms of any responsible Bookmaker in the World.

Full particulars, price list, ready reckoner, and book of rules gratis and post free on application.

March Number Now Ready.

JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

My Dear Friends,

The new number of JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS is now ready for you.

IT IS CHOKE-FULL OF INTEREST.

Everyone concerned with the Colonies or India should read it.

Among its Articles are—

The Truth About Emigration.

The Chartered Company and Native Risings.

A Military Scandal in South Africa.

Buy It, Read It, Send It to your Relatives and Friends abroad.

On Sale Everywhere, Price **3d.**, or by Post **4½d.**

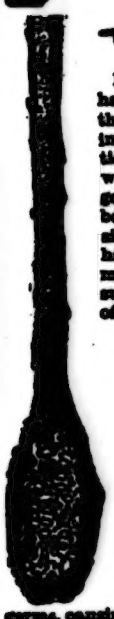
Offices: 4, RED LION COURT, E.C., where all communications should be addressed.

Yours truly,

John Bull.

When the Roots are not healthy and strong, or when they are affected by Germs, YOUR HAIR will not—indeed, cannot—grow

THAT IS WHY NOTHING CAN BE ANY GOOD FOR HAIR WHICH IS FALLING OUT OR PREMATURELY GREY EXCEPT CAPSULOIDS



Magnified diseased hair as seen through the microscope, showing how all its connections at the bottom were destroyed by germs, after which it became loose and simply fell out. This hair is now under the microscope in the Capsuloid Company's office.

Magnified strong healthy hair, as seen through the microscope, showing how its healthy root was so firmly fastened at the bottom that when it was pulled it tore away all the surrounding tissues from the bottom of the follicle. This hair is under the microscope in the Capsuloid Company's office.

This central diagram shows how a hair grows from the scalp. You can see it draws all its nourishment from the little blood vessel which runs to the bottom of its root. All the growth of the hair occurs at that point. The growing cells draw their nourishment from the blood, and multiply and push upwards, so that although you may see hair several feet long, all the growth of that hair has occurred, and is occurring, and always will occur only at the very bottom of the hair root.

The germs are there also, and just as the only means of nourishing the hair is through the blood, so also the only means of killing the germs is through the blood. Look at the three pictures and use your own common sense. Do not imagine that this is a subject which can be understood by doctors alone. Although there was nothing but ignorance on this subject for the past five thousand years, our advertisements during the past few years have taught you enough about the hair that you should no longer be influenced, but should be able to see how preposterous it is to try to cure by rubbing stuff on the hair and scalp, when a cure, you can see just as well as the doctors can see, must be something which passes through the blood, direct to those harmful germs, causing their death, and then nourishing the growing cells, and making the hair roots firm again, and then causing the hair to grow once more as in perfect health. We have so often given proof, that we do not need to tell you again that the first and only remedy which has ever been discovered that can do this is

Doctors inform us that while they find remarkable effects on the hair from Capsuloids, they do not find benefit from Iron or Haemoglobin.

Capsuloids are entirely unlike the Iron and Haemoglobin pressed upon the public as imitations of, or just the same as, Capsuloids.

5, Grattan Street, Dublin.

GENTLEMEN,—I feel I must thank you for the good your Capsuloids have done my hair. Previous to taking them I had tried three other preparations without any benefit to my hair, which had become poor in colour, turning grey, and falling out, so much so that I was afraid I should soon become bald. Seeing your Capsuloids advertised I thought I would give them a trial, and I am pleased to say that the result is very satisfactory. My hair is now quite below my waist, and in its natural colour again—rich, glossy brown, and very thick,—Believe me, yours very faithfully.

(Miss ISABEL S. CASSAN.

C-A-P-S-U-L-O-I-D-S.

Dose—TWO CAPSULOIDS THREE TIMES DAILY. PRICE, 2s. 9d. PER BOX. SPECIAL SAMPLE given when this Coupon is enclosed and three cones are ordered direct from us. Larger sample with six. Send for valuable FREE HAIR BOOKLET, which gives full EXPLANATIONS.

COUPON. JOHN BULL, 23.3.07.

The CAPSULOID COMPANY, LTD., 47, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

Lavishly endowed with all these properties so essential to the Support, Building up, and Strengthening of the System.

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